

The Listener

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The Tercentenary of Sir Christopher Wren

By ARTHUR T. BOLTON

A tercentenary appreciation of Sir Christopher Wren (born on October 20, 1632) by the Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who is also a prominent member of the Wren Society. The Tercentenary Service at St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of October 20 will be relayed from Daventry

UNDOUBTEDLY the great interest that is being shown in the tercentenary celebration of Sir Christopher Wren's birth is due to a recognition of the universality of his genius. Nine years ago the architects organised a bicentenary of his death in 1723, but the present occasion has a wider appeal. This intellectual aspect of Wren's genius was not only recognised from his earliest years, at Westminster and Oxford, but evidently impressed all with whom he came in contact throughout his career. In 1710 James Gibbs, Aberdonian and future architect of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, returning from his studies under Fontana in Rome, was introduced to the venerable architect, and in a manuscript at Sir John Soane's museum, while recording the fact, he refers to Wren as 'that great man, who was not only famous for architecture, but for many other arts and sciences', a recognition not always accorded by the coming to the passing generation.

It is apt to be assumed that, as in the case of Sir John Vanbrugh, Wren came quite suddenly into architecture, without any previous study. His uncle, Bishop Wren, however, had engaged in building, and one of his first steps, after his release at the Restoration from twenty years' imprisonment in the Tower, was to concern himself with the building of a Chapel for Pembroke College, Cambridge, from his nephew's designs. There is a doorway to the transept at Ely which is an early work, and

this connection with that cathedral had a great influence on Wren's projects for both old and new St. Paul's. Inigo Jones, in the reign of James I and Charles I, had modernised old St. Paul's outside, but the great central tower remained in a ruinous condition, and cumbered with many buttresses added for its security. Wren took a six months' holiday in France, with Paris as a centre. He had been given an introduction to Bernini, the great artist of the day, who was there by the invitation of Louis XIV to design a new Louvre. Also he looked forward to consulting with François Mansart, the foremost French architect, who had begun in 1645 the great votive church of Anne of Austria, known as Val de Grâce. This was completed in 1665, so that it was the new thing of the day when Wren arrived in Paris. In this church the cupola is supported on arches curved in elevation as well as plan, a difficult scheme, which reappears in Wren's favourite model design. He must have considered this point with great attention, and very likely had some idea at the back of his mind for counteracting the geometrical defect. He was all through essentially an experimentalist, and suffered naturally from the drawback of his qualities. Returning to England in 1666, some months before the Great Fire of that year, he produced his daring project for the completion of Inigo Jones' work at St. Paul's by cutting out the old central tower, with its four massive piers of support, and forming a great space, or auditory, as Alan of Walsingham had done at Ely. Now, however, it was to be a rotunda with a cupola, 'in a good Roman

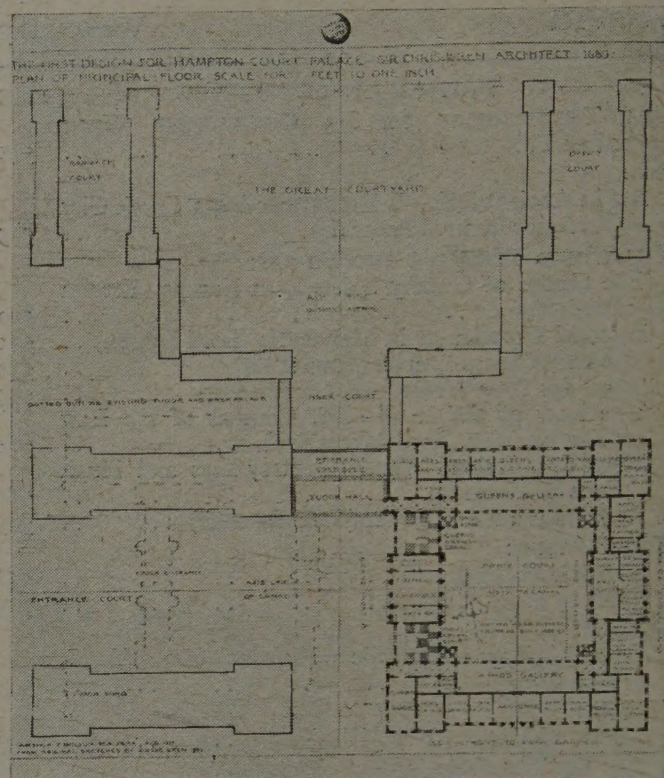
manner', which he claimed would add distinction to London as a modern capital. The older architects, who were in the Commission, were aghast at this audacious proposal, and raised technical objections, but Wren replied that he had studied the mechanics of great-stone raising at the Louvre, and also the question of mortars, which he undertook to improve by the use of native materials at small cost. Probably this is revealed now by an analysis of the Building Accounts of St. Paul's, from which it appears that he burnt 'alabaster' (gypsum) to mix with Dorking lime. This idea was, probably independently, hit upon by Major-General Scott, and his lime, so produced, was used in the buildings at South Kensington, and in a small addition at the Soane, where it is exceedingly hard. Here we have a very good example of the dual aspect of Wren's genius; he is working at both art and science simultaneously while in Paris.

The Architect of Fifty Churches

The Great Fire created the opportunity for the full development of his powers. His plan for New London is amazing in its prevision. Streets 90, 60 and 30 feet, laid out with regard to definite routes of land and water traffic, would have obviated the subsequent expenditure of many millions in costly widenings and new streets.

Then there were the Churches to be rebuilt, first as temporary 'Tabernacles', costing about £100 each in money of the time; and four years after the fire came the erection of the first of fifty-four churches, St. Edmund the King in Lombard Street. As many as seventeen were undertaken in a single year, and always with constant reference to himself, 'his directions, judgment and decision'. It was no more easy then than now. Parishes keenly competed for his attention and sent deputations, if they thought they were not getting on fast enough. Another plan was to ask him to dine with them at one of the famous taverns, to send a hogshhead of wine, and to pay fees to his domestic clerk, Andrew Phillips, who seems to have preceded the better known Nicholas Hawksmoor. In the case of St. Michael's, Wood Street (now destroyed), sixteen parishoners 'which dynded with Dr. Wren' nobly put up £6 in 1671 in repayment to the churchwardens. St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, in 1674 voted 'to attend Sir Christopher Wren, to discourse and persuade him (if

To a daughter, Jane Wren, buried in St. Paul's, attaches a tradition that associates her with the design of the steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. Sixteen years saw most of the churches in use, but not always with their wonderful steeples and internal finishings. One tower, St. Michael's, Cornhill, is as late as 1716.



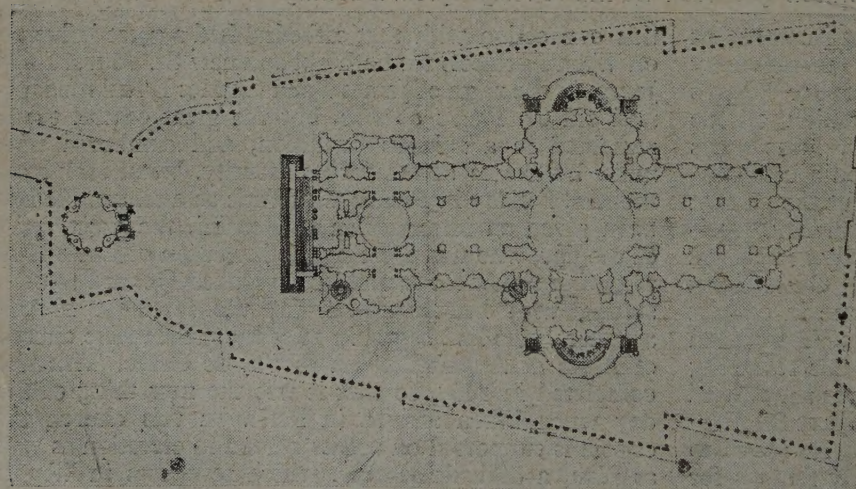
Wren's great plan for Hampton Court

For a whole generation Wren must have been popularly thought of as the architect of fifty churches, because St. Paul's rose so slowly that the choir was only completed and opened as late as 1697, thirty-one years after the fire. The dome and western towers were the product of the next thirteen strenuous years.

Makers of St. Paul's

A great myth has grown up and surrounds the whole subject of Wren's work, and the artists and tradesmen that he employed. It is difficult for the public to visualise the protracted character of a work extending over thirty-seven years. There was not one mason, Edward Strong, who built St. Paul's. It was his father, Thomas, who, with Joshua Marshall, began the work. Two others were added, making four main contractors. Some dropped out, or adopted partners, so that the total number of known master-masons is considerable; but, even so, that is not the whole story, as we do not get the names of individual masons and carvers. The public recognises one carver, Grinling Gibbons, but he comes late in the work, and does not appear at all in the churches, except at St. James', Piccadilly. Edward

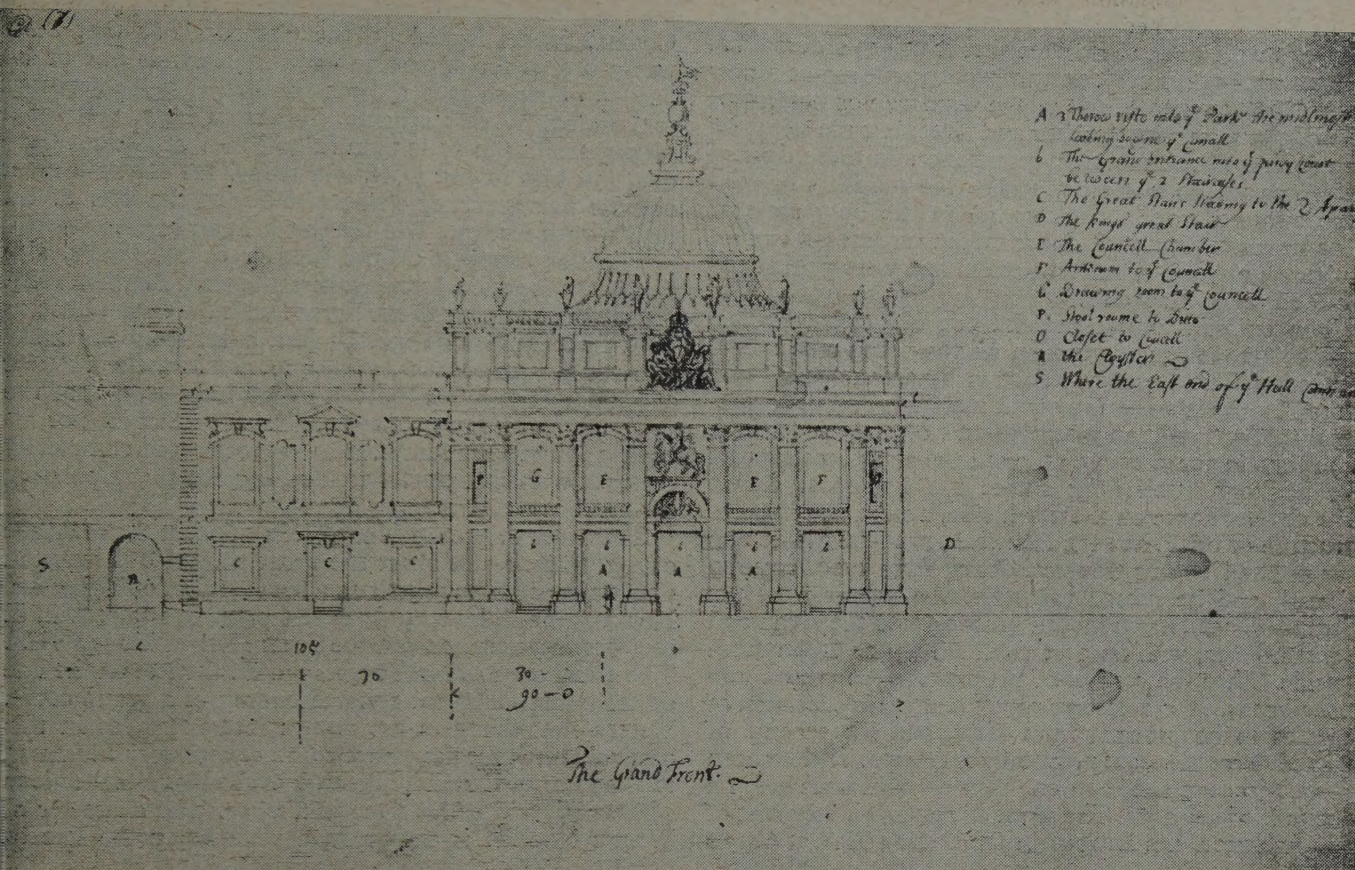
Pearce (died 1698-9), mason, builder, sculptor and carver, both in stone and wood, deserves more recognition in that respect. He built St. Clement Danes, St. Lawrence, Jewry, and St. Andrew's, Holborn. The last of these is full of his carving to a then value of £200. Pearce's magnificent marble bust of Wren in 1673, now in the Ashmolean, Oxford, is a remarkable outcome of their association. We may be certain that Bernini was a subject of their conversations. Other carvers were William Cleere, Jonathan Main and Newman.



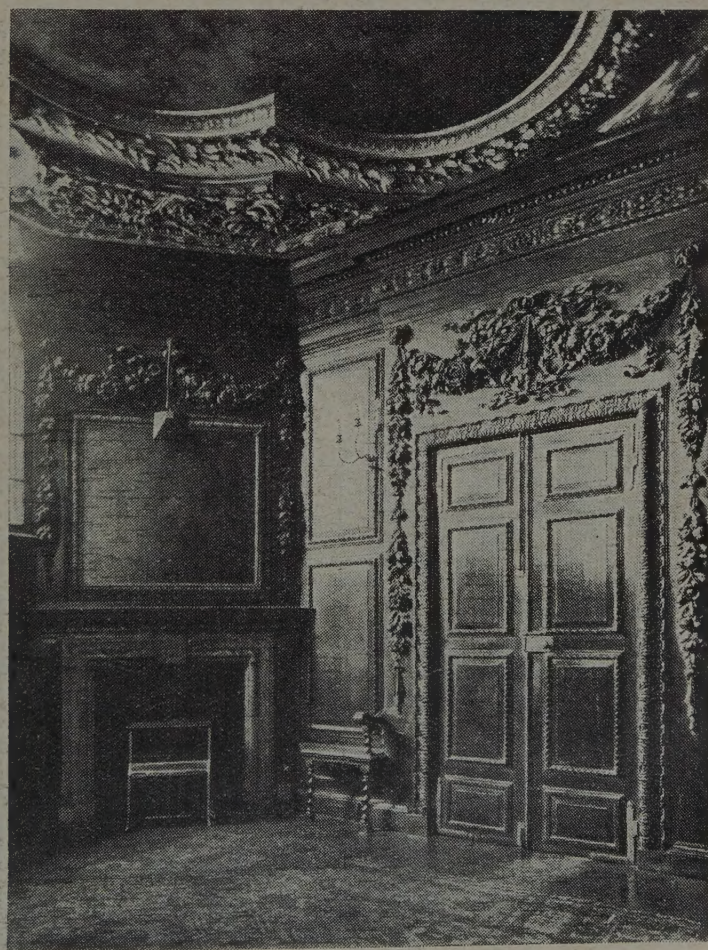
Wren's design for St. Paul's Churchyard, with a piazza, and circular Chapter House
Soane Museum

they can) to finish the church *without raising any more money*. The miracle must have been performed somehow as five years later 'Sir Christopher's Lady to be presented with ten pieces of gold'. The marriage was ten years before, as by the entry in the Register 'Christopher Wren and Faith Coggin were married in the Temple Church by Mr. Rawlins, December 7, 1669'. There was a second marriage in the Chapel of St. James: both we may take to have been happy and so absent in history.

Wren—Projects and Achievements



Wren's first conception for Hampton Court Palace, to be rebuilt for William and Mary



A Wren exterior—St. Magnus-the-Martyr, London Bridge

A characteristic Wren interior—the vestry of St. Lawrence Jewry

By courtesy of the Soane Museum

walls. There will probably be nothing recognisable as a shop, for the market supplied all needs: remains of workshops there will be, in each of which one kind of thing only had been made and sold; and the workshops of the various craftsmen engaged in the same craft will probably be grouped together—so that you have a potters' quarter, a shoemakers' quarter, a metal-workers' quarter, and so on: certainly there will be nothing like what we call a large departmental store. Of the houses, then, there will not be much left. But the massive temple, perhaps richly ornamented with sculpture, the important market-place, the exercise-ground for athletics of all kinds, and the theatre, will all still be clearly marked, and their size will be such as to accommodate the whole population of the city. Not the temple, for the Greek temple was not a meeting place for all the worshippers as our churches and chapels are, but just the house or shrine of the god.

In the English town the most important remains of buildings will be those of shops and private houses: a church—inferior in size to the bigger houses—possibly a town-hall, large areas devoted to the making of gas and electricity and the disposal of refuse and sewage.

No Need of Books

In the Greek town one of the most remarkable things will be the almost complete absence of books or remains of books. The need for them was not felt because the public performances in the theatre, the public competitions for music and the reciting of poetry, the ordinary conversations of the public places, and the discussions of philosophers, provided ample intellectual life.

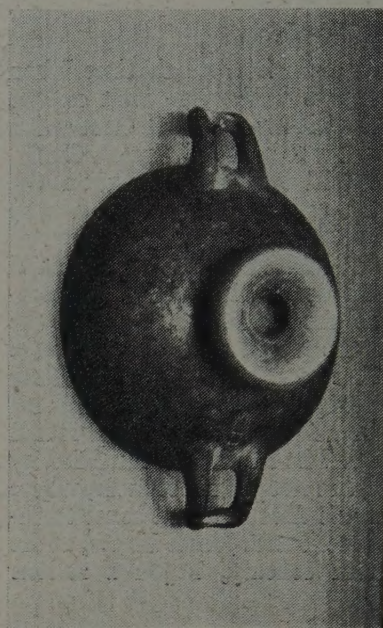
But if we have books where they had extremely few, there was one thing of which they had much and we have almost none, that is sculpture. Apart from the war-memorial and the mediæval sculpture in the churches (where this has not been destroyed), there is now no sculpture in the ordinary English town. In the Greek there was much, though it was confined to certain places, the sanctuaries of the gods. With pictures, just the other way: our walls are covered with them: they were unknown in a Greek dwelling-house. In some of the sanctuaries you might find a few pictures painted on clay plaques, or in an important public building perhaps a big painting covering a whole wall, but nothing elsewhere. In the private houses you would find, instead, cups and jugs and pots with pictures on them, and of these we shall have a good deal to say later.

On the English site there will be many objects that are quite unnecessary, and there will be a tremendous diversity of styles and periods. Side by side—in a house combining elements

to say that you could not find incongruities like this in Greece in ancient times, and articles made in foreign lands and by mass-production, but they would be much rarer and the differences of style much less.

Common Furniture of a Greek House

But let us turn aside and step into one of the Greek houses which somehow has escaped destruction, to see what there really



'A cup is hanging . . . the handles so placed that the circle of the lip lies close against the surface of the wall'

is in it. The furniture that its occupants used is still in position, and is distinguished by its sparseness, its fine lines, and the directness of its shapes. On the wall a cup or two is hanging, and you will notice how the handles are so shaped and placed that the circle of the lip lies close against the surface of the wall. It is secure on the simplest of pegs, the dust cannot get into it, and it is a charming object when seen so, whether it is of plain black ware or decorated with pictures. There is a chest in the corner. Inside it are clothes, not many and without much variety, but capable of being worn, in fact, demanding to be worn, with grace. The woman's usual dress is a simple rectangle of woollen stuff, a third part of which is folded over at the top: the woman

stands inside it, brings the two vertical selvages together on her right side and pins it on each shoulder close to the neck, leaving an opening for the left arm outside the pin: the other side is open to take the right arm already. The open side is held together by the girdle, or sometimes sewn. The man's dress is simpler still. For city use it was a rectangular piece of material, merely wrapped round the body and not fastened by pins or buttons at all. When travelling, a cloak, buttoned on one shoulder, sometimes a tunic under it, a very broad-brimmed felt hat, and boots halfway to the knee, would give defence against cold, heat, rain and rough ground.

On the wall in this part of the house is hanging a mirror, a disc of polished bronze, having a handle in the form of a little figure of Aphrodite, goddess of love, who is naturally fond of mirrors herself and favours those who are fond of them; and near it are perfume pots in amusing-shapes, a duck or a dove, birds sacred also to Aphrodite.

Intelligence, Imagination and Skill

What strikes us most about what we have seen? It is the number of objects that we should call to-day works of art, but which to the Greek would seem the natural result of the satisfying of the need for ordinary utensils, by craftsmen possessing certain qualities: intelligence, to realise the extent of the practical need: and imagination, to realise how that need may be met in the most satisfying way, and also to enliven the result with amusing analogies between the living world and the world of things, which though not living, do seem to come in for a good deal of hard work; like the mirror-handle. In addition to these two qualities there is a third, a very important one, skill to translate these processes of the mind into processes of the hand; for skill, built up though it may be by generations of practice, and though it may owe an immense debt to the actual struggle with and

co-operation with various more or less resistant materials, each with its own particular quality and beauty—skill is primarily the working of mind upon material rather than of material upon mind.

Discoveries Under the Soil

So far we have been walking about the streets of these ruined towns and looking at the things lying on the surface. In some



'The sending of things which people made or grew from one place to another'
King Arcesilas of Cyrene supervising the weighing and loading into a ship's hold of silphium, a medicinal plant now extinct. Picture on the inside of a Laconian cup of the mid-sixth century B.C.
From Furtwängler-Reichhold's 'Griechische Vasenmalerei' (Bruckmann, Munich)

(and not by any means the best elements) from most of the known styles of architecture—you will find a blue-and-white plate in Chinese design by an English maker, a genuine Chinese plate, an English imitation of a French eighteenth-century clock, and perhaps a twentieth-century chair, imitating one by a maker of the eighteenth century who was himself borrowing elements from China or the Middle Ages. I do not mean



The drawing on an Athenian lekythos (oil-jar used in ritual at the grave) of the later fifth century B.C. The dead man is shown in armour handing his helmet to his wife; the eye on the shield is a crest. On the wall are hanging a jug, a mirror, and a bag for tying up the hair. The fine shapes of helmet and chair should be noticed.

From Riezler's 'Weissgrundige Attische Lekythen' (Bruckmann, Munich)

ways more interesting than these will be the things we do not see at first, the things under the surface. There are two kinds of these. The first kind is those that have been deliberately put underground, the second those that have gone underground by accident or by sheer lapse of time. The first kind is in a most important part of this Greek city, which we have not yet reached, because it is outside the city-wall; the graveyard, or as the Greeks put it rather more pleasantly, the resting-place. The Greeks believed in a general way that the dead still had the same needs as the living. And the drinking-cups, the weapons, the personal ornaments found in the tombs, are proofs of this. But this is not the only evidence: the position of the body, whether it is burned or not; the position of the other contents of the tomb in relation to the body; in some burials the mask on the face, the diadem, or the ornamented grave-clothes; the coin in the mouth as a fee to the ferryman who will carry the soul over the River Styx: all these things and many others tell us much, not only about the generation to which the dead man himself belonged but about the beliefs of past generations which had come down to his time often only half understood or misunderstood. Ancient tombs are thus one of the most plentiful sources of our finds, and the objects found in them are more valuable for being found together; they help to date each other.

The other things to be found under the surface of the soil are those which have been buried either by accident, through the burning and collapse of buildings upon them, or by the passing of time, and decay. Naturally the soil will be rich in such remains. For the moment at which either of these towns was destroyed was after all only a moment, one momentary phase of a life which may have been going on for hundreds or even thousands of years in that same spot. And if we dig deeper down into the soil the evidences of that previous life will be surely found, sometimes simply and neatly arranged, sometimes dis-

turbed and complicated, in layer after layer beneath that upon which the last inhabitants walked about. All the changes that have taken place since then, even the small ones like a man putting a new floor in a room, will have left some trace; while of great changes, like that caused by the Fire of London, there will be ample evidence in the layers of ashes running over the whole area at the same relative level everywhere.

Lowest of all, resting on the virgin soil, will be the scanty traces of the first wattle-and-daub huts of the first inhabitants. Those of us who work in London are often treading over the houses and household goods, even the bodies too, of former tenants of this piece of soil, tenants whose lives stretch back in maybe a continuous line to years before Christ was born, when there were no bridges over the unembanked and swampy Thames, no St. Paul's, no buildings of brick or stone at all; and London's millions were represented by a handful of skin-clad savages hunting birds in the marshes.

It is not generally realised that for the modest subscription of a guinea, membership can be obtained of the Wren Society (6 Bedford Row, W.C. 1), which has for nearly ten years past done so much to elucidate the career and achievements of our greatest architect. The society issues each year to its members a volume of reproductions of original Wren drawings and other unpublished records relating to Wren and his work. Nine such volumes have now appeared, dealing with St. Paul's, Hampton Court Palace, other Royal Palaces, Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, Greenwich Hospital, City churches, etc. These volumes contain many splendid plates showing plans, drawings and details of Wren's architecture. The full series of volumes will run to twenty, subscription for the set being sixteen guineas.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

The School Certificate

THE School Certificate Examination has come in for a good deal of adverse comment lately. There have been leading articles in the press, letters to the Editor from parents and examiners (we printed a very pointed criticism last week), and a few days ago Lord Eustace Percy publicly stigmatised it as 'an incubus on education'. Now that the special investigators appointed by the Secondary Schools Examination Council to enquire into the Certificate have presented their Report* (which is also touched on by Dr. Russell in a letter on p. 570), it is time to see what all the criticism is about. The real trouble is, as the investigators emphasise, a confusion between the main and subsidiary functions of the examination. It was designed primarily to test the results of a general education before the pupil began to specialise and only secondarily as a qualifying examination for entrance to the Universities and to certain professions. But the emphasis has nearly all been laid on the subsidiary purpose—'Matriculation' (i.e., the gaining of a certificate with so many credits in certain groups of subjects which exempts the candidate from a University entrance examination) has come to have a value and a significance quite unwarranted on the strength of the examination alone. Boys and girls never intending to go to a University are persuaded to acquire it because it is a convenient label to tie round their necks when finally despatched from school. Again, employers frequently demand matriculation from applicants for a job, not because it means the candidate is particularly suitable for their purpose, but because to them it is a convenient symbol of general intelligence. In reality, it is often a very misleading symbol. A boy with six credits in the School Certificate Examination, including physics, chemistry and mathematics, but who did not get a certificate because he failed in French (the case cited in last week's LISTENER), would be much more valuable to, say, an engineering firm than the boy who had his certificate, but not with those particular credits. Again, one with five credits, including Latin, French and German, who failed to get the certificate because he did not pass in mathematics (another authentic case) would be much more valuable to a firm of foreign exporters than one who got his certificate with no language credits at all.

The investigators' recommendations are therefore directed at ensuring that the certificate shall no longer be a label or a symbol outside the school. It must, they feel, be set free from the conditions attaching to matriculation, so that it may serve its primary purpose as essentially a school examination testing the knowledge gained in school. To this end they suggest that it should no longer

be accepted by the Universities as alternative to their own matriculation examinations. Intending University students should either do the entrance to the University they choose, or produce a Higher Certificate as well as their School Certificate—a recognition that the knowledge of a Fifth Form pupil of sixteen and that of an entrant to a University should be judged by two standards, and not one as at present. It is the Universities' own business to see that their entrants are up to the required level; and it is the individual employer's own business to see whether an applicant is fitted for a particular job. It is emphatically not the business of the School Certificate examiners to do the work of selection for them.

Of course, the position of the School Certificate, as indeed of any examination, is finally determined by the attitude of the school or the teacher. It is not thought so all-important in schools of standing and position which, just because they can give to a boy, by the fact of his having been there, an easily acceptable label, can afford to look down at the labels offered by Boards of Examiners. It is not thought of in terms appropriate to the Last Judgment by teachers who realise that there is more in knowledge than Set Books (the admirable investigators recommend that Shakespeare need not always be a Set Book) and the power to repeat in an examination hall what has been heard in the classroom. But the trouble is that under the existing circumstances the most enlightened schools and teachers feel the pressure from outside, from the Universities and from employers, calling to them to hurry up and turn out as many certificates as they can. And so the examination which should ideally be only a hurdle—little higher than the hurdles of the ordinary end-of-term tests—to be taken in the pupil's stride (with no fatal effect on his career if it is knocked down) has become a bottle-neck through which nearly every secondary school child, irrespective of what he proposes to do after leaving school, must at all costs be squeezed.

Week by Week

THE universality of Wren's genius, to which Mr. Bolton pays tribute elsewhere in this issue, is well illustrated by the special tercentenary exhibition now on view in the Trophy Room of St. Paul's. His interest in science (he was a founder and enthusiastic member of the Royal Society) is evidenced in the clock designed by him for Wadham College, and in the case of contemporary mathematical instruments; his craftsmanship, in small things as well as in great, in his silver sugar castor and in the doorways designed by him and carved by Grinling Gibbons. Then come reminders, in plans, models and photographs, of his bigger undertakings, both of those realised, like the City churches and the Sheldonian, and those only projected, like the pinnacled tower and spire for Westminster Abbey or the additions to Hampton Court. Pride of place among these unfulfilled schemes—and, indeed, among the whole exhibition—must go to the magnificent half-inch to the foot model of Wren's first design for St. Paul's. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with the four arms of the cross meeting in an octagon supporting the great dome, and an additional square with portico added on to the west arm. This is supposed to have been Wren's favourite design, but the Dean and Chapter considered it too great a departure from the traditional style of a cathedral, and insisted on something nearer the Gothic, with a long nave and aisles. Here also, in the form of an Act for rebuilding the City of London after the Fire, is a reminder of Wren's other big project that never found fulfilment. For one moment in 1666, with Wren presenting plans to the King for a new town only a week after the Fire, and having them approved, there was a real chance that London might have become the fine and noble capital city this country ought to have. It would have been dignified and spacious, with streets sixty and ninety feet wide: ordered by reason and beauty, the manifestation of one man's controlling genius. But the claims of private property overcame those of public interest: and we

* H.M. Stationery Office. 2s. 6d.

now, reflecting that chance is unlikely to oblige us again with the opportunity and the man together, have the poor consolation of realising that if Wren's vision had been fulfilled we should not be faced with such a mess to-day.

* * *

Who, we wonder, will compose the 'vast public audience' which is expected to look up for the latest information (punctuated with advertisement) to London's new 'Night Sky Telegram', as the organ of sky-writing appropriately entitles itself? A battery of sky-projectors installed on the roofs of buildings adjoining Trafalgar Square, Leicester Square, Piccadilly, Tottenham Court Road and Marble Arch, is to 'focus upon the sky brief news-messages of important events which occur between 8 p.m. and midnight'. Brevity is to be the soul of sky-writing, for we are told that 'an experienced editor will reduce the gist of the news to one succinct phrase'; while advertisements will be limited to intermediate projections lasting not more than a minute at a time. The promoters of the enterprise evidently hope to catch the attention of the crowds coming out of the theatres. Doubtless they will also attract the gaze of those innumerable loiterers who are never far to seek in London, who seem to have nothing to do but watch road-repairing, collect at the scene of an accident, or stare at stage-doors and picture-house fronts. But how long will the novelty last? The ordinary electric sky-signs that operate in Piccadilly and other circuses require from the observer no physical effort; his eye indeed cannot avoid them. But how many of us can be relied on voluntarily to become habitual star-gazers? A goodly proportion, if the sky-writers' hopes materialise; for they tell us that "'The Night Sky Telegram" will create a new public habit. It will teach people to look up for the news. It will create an atmosphere in which London's populace will always be on the *qui vive* for the news in the sky'. So if we all get permanent cricks in the neck, we shall know whom to blame!

* * *

The recent microphone enquiry conducted by M. Stéphan and Mr. Otto Siepmann with regard to the use of their language talks has yielded some interesting information, though the season at which the enquiry was made (mid-summer) was not the best for getting a fully representative selection of opinion. It appears as though in the case of the German talks no less than thirty-one per cent. of listeners started with no previous knowledge of the language, as compared with six per cent. in the case of French. In both cases about two-thirds of those who followed the talks did so for cultural, rather than commercial or other reasons. Over fifty per cent. of Mr. Siepmann's students were regular listeners, as compared with about forty-two per cent. of M. Stéphan's; on the other hand the average length of time over which continuous listening occurred was twenty-eight months for the French course, and only eighteen for the German. More women than men appear to listen to these talks, especially the French; the average age of the listener being round about the early forties, the younger showing a slight preference for German.

* * *

When we think of the industrial depression which hangs over us to-day, we sometimes overlook the fortunate minority of new industries which are in the expanding and experimental stages of their growth; they look forward and not back, and in the future should be capable of absorbing a growing proportion of the labour of the coming generations, if we plan aright. Mr. C. C. Paterson, in a morning talk this week on 'Science and Employment', gave us a timely reminder of the industries—mostly originated by modern scientific research—which are in this position. 'Keep your eyes open', he admonished us, particularly parents with young people to launch in the world, 'for the new industries which science is always starting, as well as the old industries to which it is bringing new life, by giving them new and improved products to manufacture'. The wireless industry, the artificial silk industry, are two of the most obvious examples; chromium plating, and the manufacture of stainless steel are in the same category. Another 'sure thing' for the future is the photocell, 'that wonderful electric valve in which the electricity is automatically turned on whenever light falls on it', as Mr. Paterson describes it. This is the invention which has already the talking picture to its credit, and will in due course be responsible for the triumph of television. Finally, Mr. Paterson suggests there are 'industries

yet unborn' that we should do well to keep our eyes on, an example being the processes now being investigated by scientists with Government help for extracting from coal oil capable of driving motor vehicles—an invention which would incidentally revolutionise the prospects before one of our most depressed and largest industries, coal mining.

* * *

Mr. Roger Hinks provides a convenient starting point to a perambulation of the London Group's show at the New Burlington Galleries when, in his preface to the catalogue, he remarks that the modern artist 'has to realise that the public requires few pictures, and these small', and goes on to show how, in distinction to the prevailing habit of the last century of plastering pictures over every inch of wall space, the modern way is to hang only one or two on a wall and to choose these with a special eye to their value in the general decorative scheme of the room. And the Burlington Galleries just now certainly show a great number of pictures that fulfil Mr. Hinks' requirements. Here are no large official portraits, which demand official halls to show them off, and no huge ambitious compositions fitted for nothing smaller in size than an eighteenth-century nobleman's house. The pictures are nearly all small. The best of them demand at least a wall, if not a room, to themselves (it is not easy to think of John Piper's 'Brighton', and Ethelbert White's 'Evening on the Hillside', say, sharing a wall; or Richard Carline's 'Coming Out of Church' and Vere Cunningham's 'Café Concert'). They mostly have a definite decorative value of their own, though perhaps it would be easier to furnish a room to suit Edward Wolfe's 'The Gossips' and Frederick Porter's 'Near Toulon' than to fit them easily into an already planned scheme of decoration. To regard a picture thus as a piece of furniture is not in the least to deny it the dignity of art. It is only to emphasise that a picture can have two sets of values—one concerned with its function as a painted oblong of canvas hung on a wall to decorate a room, the other with its business of interpreting an aesthetic experience. There is no denying that the discipline on the one can and does react favourably on the other, with such a result as at this London Group's show, where the most satisfying pictures are eminently saleable, eminently suitable for hanging in the modern room, and yet—like Mr. Duncan Grant's two nudes and Mr. R. O. Dunlop's 'Cagnes' and 'Maid in Blue Overall'—retain an independent and permanent pictorial value which is unaffected by where and how they hang.

* * *

Mr. A. P. Herbert has been asking with even more persistence than usual why there are *No Boats on the River**, and why, when we are bemoaning the excess of traffic in our streets and planning its amelioration, we make no use of the free highway provided for us by the River Thames. Mr. Herbert wants other Londoners to share his love of London's river, and his book (admirably illustrated by photographs) would inspire the most apathetic reader with enthusiasm for the use and enjoyment of the Thames by the general public. In 1905 a service of thirty boats was actually begun, but the enterprise was not successful. Since then various efforts have been made to induce the L.C.C. to reconsider this question, remembering the facilities which might be offered through more up-to-date inventions and ideas. And the expert advice of Mr. J. H. O. Bunge has been brought in, telling us exactly on what lines the new river boats should be built, how and where they should run; and the probable cost of the entire scheme. It is urged that there are people in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith Bridge, Battersea Pier, Chelsea Embankment, and other parts, who have no near access to an Underground Service but who would be within easy reach of water transport. No pretence is made that it would usually be quicker to travel by water than by Underground. It is stated, however, that in many cases the river journey would be quicker than transit by omnibus. And it is pointed out that to many people speed is still not all-important. Before the open-top 'buses were discarded by the L.G.O. there were many who preferred an open-air journey to their work—even if it involved more walking—than the crowds and heat of the tube railways during rush hours. Aesthetically, says Mr. Herbert, the use of the River is demanded. It affords visitors an unrivalled view of London: it would give school-children a better understanding of her commerce and history; and if facilities were provided for private craft, another of the 'boasted 'lungs' of London might be put to fuller use.

*Methuen. 5s.

The Way of the World

The Centre of Gravity Shifts from Europe

By VERNON BARTLETT

The last talk broadcast by Mr. Vernon Bartlett as a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, on which he has served for ten years. Next week we shall publish Mr. Bartlett's talk from Paris, where he begins the tour of six foreign Capitals which he is undertaking for the B.B.C.

ONE of the most significant features of this year's League Assembly is the time and attention taken up by matters which are of immediate importance rather to other Continents than to Europe. Perhaps there is a good deal of truth in the suggestion that the world's political and economic centre of gravity, which moved from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic after Columbus' discovery of America, is now being transferred to the Pacific. Europe seems to be slowly losing its importance, and the movement is likely to be accelerated when Latin-America, China, and other great potential markets of the world are more fully developed. Besides, it is difficult to see how the old system of foreign investments on an immense scale which gave London, Paris and New York such a vast political influence over far distant territories can ever be revived, at any rate in its old form. People are beginning to realise that countries to which they lend money cannot for very long continue both to repay that money and to buy their creditors' export goods. You have in fact very much the same problem in the case of foreign investments as in the case of reparations, that is to say, you expect people to pay you money and then, to protect your own home industries, you are compelled to put up tariffs and other obstacles against the goods these people must export if they are to get the money wherewith to pay their debts. Of course, it is quite true that by foreign investments you hope to increase the production of goods that the world needs, whereas by reparations you tend to increase the production of coal and other goods of which we already have a surfeit, but the problem of transferring wealth from one country to another remains the same.

However, I am not supposed to be talking about economics at the moment. That must be left until nearer to the opening of the World Economic Conference and to people who are experts. What I am trying to do is to suggest how much the influence of countries outside Europe is increasing. Even in the question of the membership of the League and of its Council this tendency is noticeable. The three new member States are Mexico, which joined a year ago, Turkey, which joined a few months ago, and Iraq, which joined last week. Also another very important State, the Argentine Republic—whose delegate marched out of the First Assembly in protest because Germany was not immediately admitted to membership, and which has taken very little part in the League's work since then, except to pay a good deal of money to it—has now decided to become an active member again. Mexico made no effort to be elected to the League Council, but she was one of the three new members of the Council chosen ten days ago, and she is likely to play a much more vigorous part than any of the other Latin-American States, some of which are chiefly known by their reluctance to pay their League subscriptions. The admission of Iraq, as the first representative of the Arab race, also lessens European preponderance.

On the bigger issues this importance of non-European States is equally impressive. Disarmament, of course, affects everybody, but the three political problems of the moment are the Sino-Japanese dispute, the quarrel between Bolivia and Paraguay, and the problem presented by the negro Republic of Liberia—all three difficulties in which Europe is only indirectly concerned. On the Sino-Japanese dispute I will say nothing, because I understand Sir Frederick Whyte spoke about it recently. On the attempts to mediate between Bolivia and Paraguay there is not yet very much to be said.

But the demand for assistance which reached the League two years ago from Liberia, and the action taken on it, is, I think, interesting, and certainly picturesque. It all began, you will remember, with an invitation from the Liberian Government to the League to confirm or deny reports as to the existence of slavery in the republic founded a century ago by negro ex-slaves from the Southern States of North America. The Commission sent to Liberia left no doubt that there was slavery there, and the President and the Government resigned in consequence; but it was clear that their successors, however earnest their efforts, could not effectively reorganise their country without financial help from outside. Therefore a second Commission was sent to prepare a scheme, which is now being studied by the League, and which, if it can be carried out, will put white Commissioners, under the Liberian Government, in control of the vast areas of the Liberian hinterland. And a few months ago the medical member of the second Commission, a young Scottish doctor, was sent out again to Liberia by the League to see what he could do in the role of peacemaker between tribes which had come into conflict with the Government and with each other.

That does not, perhaps, sound exceptionally exciting to us, but it certainly was to the man who had the job to do. The population of a strip of land along the coast had fled into the bush, forty-four of their villages had been burnt, and at least 12,000 men, women and children dared not return to the ruins of their homes. In a number of cases, being seafaring tribes, they knew so little about the jungle that they could only avoid poisonous food by eating what the monkeys ate. It was Dr. Mackenzie's job to get in touch with them, to settle the disputes between them and the Government, and all the tribal quarrels about land, possession of women, canoes, palm trees, and so on, and to convince them that they could safely return to the coast. To do that he had, first, to make repeated landings by surf boat on one of the most dangerous coasts in Africa, and, secondly, to make his way inland for several days, preceded by men cutting a path through the jungle, until he met a batch of armed warriors in red and white war paint. He convinced them that he really was a white man, the first white man who had ever set foot in many of these areas, and he persuaded them that he represented the League of Nations, which he could only describe to them as the 'Great Council of Paramount Chiefs of all Nations'. During the months that followed, Mackenzie disarmed eighteen tribes, and when he left all fighting had ceased and the towns had been rebuilt everywhere. In the process of doing this his canoe, or raft, was upset several times, and although some villages have tame crocodiles which are fed on chickens and gin, he could never be quite sure that the majority of these beasts would recognise instantly the representative of this 'Great Council of Paramount Chiefs of all Nations'.

Well, Mackenzie did his job. He drew maps on the scene, he carried out the first primitive survey of the country, or that part of it that he had to pacify, that had ever been made; he disarmed the natives, and he made arrangements for enough rifles to be returned to the more trustworthy of them so that they could keep down monkeys, bush hogs and elephants, and other animals which the Liberian class as vermin; and he set hundreds of natives on to cutting passages four yards wide, from more to high bush, and so on, to mark the boundaries between one tribe and another; and he supervised complicated peace ceremonies in which chiefs ate kola nuts with pepper and salt from the edge of a razor blade.

I have talked about this Mission to Liberia for three reasons. In the first place, boundaries over which there has been fighting for the last sixty years have been provisionally fixed, and the natives have been disarmed. Some of the natives' rifles, by the way, are quite modern, while others are made up of bits of iron bedsteads. In the second place, this Mission could not have been carried out by any representative of any one country. Neither the Liberian Government nor other Governments with interests in West Africa would have allowed that. And yet several nations, notably Great Britain and France, had every reason for desiring this pacification, because the struggle had been among tribes known as the Kroos, and many Kroos live in the British territory of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast or the French Ivory Coast, and unrest among the Kroos of Liberia was already tending to encourage unrest among the Kroos elsewhere. And in the third place, I have talked about Mackenzie because he is a member of the League Secretariat. A week or two ago a correspondent suggested that now that I was leaving the League I should tell the truth about it. I have always tried conscientiously to do that, and I propose to do so again.

Dr. Mackenzie, of whom I have said so much here, has led a very exceptional life. After serving in the War, and after two years of work under Nansen in the famine areas of Russia, he was sent by the League to Greece when the whole country was stricken and disorganised by an epidemic of dengue fever, and later he went to Bolivia to carry out a public health survey there, during which he was involved in three revolutions in less than nine months. And then came these two visits to Liberia. But Mackenzie himself would be the first to argue, although we should not all agree with him, that, apart from unusual opportunities, he is not such a very unusual member of the Secretariat. Here are seven hundred officials of forty-four different nationalities—certainly the oddest mixture of races and qualifications that you could ever find under one roof—and if I am asked to tell the truth about the League I would say that I have never heard of an organisation where the officials on the whole work so hard and with such loyalty and get so little thanks for it as this Permanent Secretariat of the League of Nations.

Personal Experiences in Manchuria

By the Rt. Hon. LORD LYTTON

*The Report of the Lytton Commission on Manchuria (commented on in last week's issue by Sir Frederick Whyte) was published by the League of Nations on October 2**

I WAS at Geneva in September of last year, as one of the British Delegates, when the news of a conflict between Japanese and Chinese troops in Manchuria was first received, but I little thought then that I should be called upon to take any personal part in this dispute between China and Japan. We none of us knew anything about the country where the events had taken place, and it was extremely difficult to get a clear idea of the facts from the conflicting accounts which were given by the two parties.

Now a year has gone by, and during the greater part of that year I have been travelling in the countries which are involved in the dispute, trying to learn the truth of the facts, and, above all, looking for some means by which the threatening storm might be averted. For in the month of December, when the area of the conflict had been greatly extended, and its serious nature was evident to everyone, the Council of the League decided to appoint a Commission of Enquiry to study the question on the spot and to make a report. In Christmas week I received an invitation to become a member of this Commission, and at our first meeting at Geneva, on January 21, my colleagues did me the honour to elect me as Chairman. Immediately after the Commission was constituted, we received news that the trouble had become further aggravated by the fighting at Shanghai. We were anxious, therefore, to get to the spot as soon as possible.

Round the World and Back Again

Now Manchuria is situated almost exactly on the opposite side of the globe, and it can be reached, therefore, by travelling either east or west. The quickest route is the overland one eastwards by the Trans-Siberian Railway. In normal times Manchuria can be reached in a fortnight by this route. Unfortunately we were prevented from going that way, as the railway was interrupted in Manchuria just as we were starting, and we had to take the longer route westwards *via* America.

We have been absent for eight months and one of the reasons for this long delay in presenting our Report is the great distance we have had to travel. We had completely encircled the globe by the time we got back. It took us a month to reach Japan, and then we had to cross the sea again to get to China. It was 800 miles from Shanghai to Peking and another two days' journey from Peking to Mukden, as it was not safe to travel by night.

What struck me chiefly in our travels was the great interest which was everywhere shown in the object of our mission. At every station where our train stopped as we crossed America deputations of the local League of Nations Societies, officials and pressmen, met and welcomed us. Large and varied crowds greeted us at Honolulu, in Japan, in China, and at many a wayside station in Manchuria itself. Sometimes all the students of a local college would be waiting for us and I was asked to say a few words to them from the train. Representatives of the Press followed us everywhere, and we were made to feel throughout that the sympathy and good wishes of the whole world were with us.

Difficulties of Impartiality

When we arrived in Tokyo, we found that Mr. Yoshisawa, who had been the Japanese delegate in Geneva in September, had become the Foreign Minister of Japan, and we had many interesting talks with him. He was very friendly and helpful. We were received by the Emperor, and interviewed all the principal Cabinet Ministers. Indeed, one of the chief interests of this mission was the number of important and representative people whom we met and made friends with in both China and Japan—there were distinguished statesmen, scholars and soldiers. Every possible arrangement was made for our comfort and convenience. It was difficult to avoid being completely exhausted by the daily and nightly banquets which were offered in our honour. We were not a little embarrassed, too, by the speeches which were delivered on these occasions. They were always of a strongly partisan character, imputing all the blame to the opposite side. As we had to retain complete impartiality during our enquiry, it was difficult to reply to these hospitable partisans. I had to remind them sometimes that it was generally recognised that a doctor could not diagnose his own symptoms or prescribe the remedy for his own disease, and that they were trying to perform this impossible task.

When we got to Manchuria we still had a lot of travelling to do. The country is as large as the whole of France and Germany put together, and it is so disturbed at the present time that travelling in it was not without danger. When we were at Harbin, in the extreme north, we were actually within hearing of the fighting that was going on just outside the town, and an Englishman in a boat within the limits of the port was shot by bandits

from the shore while we were there. The shocking news of the murder of Mrs. Woodruff in broad daylight in the streets of the town shows how much worse the situation has become since we were there. Since my return I have heard that two of my colleagues who came back *via* Siberia had to cross Manchuria by air as the Japanese military authorities could not guarantee their safety on any railway.

By the time we arrived the new State of Manchukuo (which means Manchu State) had been created and claimed to be independent of China, and here a fresh difficulty confronted us. We could not recognise the existence or authority of the State, yet we were dependent upon the good-will and assistance of its officials for our transport, for our protection, and for our information. The exercise of considerable tact and patient diplomacy was therefore called for. Ingenious traps were set to involve us in recognition of the new State, which had to be avoided; hospitality was offered which had to be refused without giving offence, and the protection which was no doubt necessary in the disturbed condition of the country was made an excuse for the most rigid surveillance, which prevented any but approved witnesses from giving evidence openly to the Commission. Japanese detectives sat outside our rooms in the hotels and followed us everywhere. (At Nankin our protectors had been Boy Scouts.) In the case of our Chinese Assessor and his staff, their zeal was even greater, and there was one amusing occasion when a Japanese police officer entered the room of one of Dr. Koo's staff and insisted on listening to their conversation with a German journalist. He even asked them not to speak English as he did not understand it.

We spent six weeks in the country under these conditions, which were far from pleasant and which rendered the task of carrying out a thorough and impartial enquiry extremely difficult. When not actually travelling we held interviews daily. We received 2,000 letters in Chinese, Russian and Japanese, which had to be translated, classified and examined when we got back to Peking.

Drafting the Report in Hospital

In the middle of July we went back to Japan *via* Korea, for the purpose of conferring again with the Japanese Government. The circumstances had materially altered since our first visit to Tokyo, as in the meantime the Prime Minister had been assassinated, and a new National Government of all parties had been formed. The new Foreign Minister had only just taken office, and this still further added to our difficulties. Unfortunately, I fell ill the day of my arrival in Tokyo, and when I got back to Peking a fortnight later I was confined to hospital for the next six weeks. We had had many discussions as to where our Report should be written, but we had never thought of the German Hospital in Peking, which proved in the end to be the place. Luckily, however, the illness, though it hampered my movements, did not prevent me from working, and my colleagues were most considerate and gave me every assistance. We all put in some very hard work and were just able to finish our task in the allotted time.

The Report has now been published, and the issue is out of our hands. The League of Nations is confronted with the most serious crisis which has arisen since its formation. Our Report will be discussed in November and the public opinion of the world will have to be formed on the facts with which it deals. The difficulties which still remain to be overcome are very great, but I am confident that the experience which the League has acquired in the last twelve years will enable it to deal with them successfully.

I have not said anything about our recommendations, as that would not be appropriate to this occasion. I have only tried to give you an idea of a few of the special difficulties in which our work had to be done. I will conclude by saying that, though the Report bears my name it is the work of five men of different nationalities. If it has any merit, it is because it has already an international character. Though the greater share of the drafting necessarily fell upon me, the opinions contained in the Report, and the tone and spirit in which they are expressed, are the result of prolonged discussions and a unanimous desire to find a solution which would be both practical and acceptable. We were in agreement throughout as to the main facts. We differed occasionally as to how they should be presented. In the end we found a draft that we could sign unanimously, because we all cared more about restoring peace than attributing blame. If that object is sought with equal sincerity by all the States members of the League, unanimity may be preserved there also, and the moral authority of the League may prove sufficient to divert the approaching storm.

*Published for the League of Nations by Allen and Unwin. 10s.



Men who made the Roman Republic—a band of Roman knights in procession, probably commemorating the battle of Lake Regillus. From an alabaster cinerary urn (c. 200 B.C.)

British Museum

Our Debt to the Past—IV

The First Citizen Empire

By HUGH LAST

That the discovery of 'a single citizenship for a whole country' was the supreme achievement of the Roman Republic is the opinion of Mr. Last (who is a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford) in the first of his three talks on Rome

THE contribution of Greece to our civilisation is the contribution of her thinkers—of men who, whether they were philosophers or poets or historians, have left a legacy in writing. That legacy is one which later generations might take up or not as they pleased. If they liked, they could ignore it. If not, they had only to read the books in which it is preserved. But with Rome the case is different. Here the things that matter most are in origin, if not in essence, political, and they are an inheritance which we cannot refuse. They are, firstly, the political traditions and the political ideals which the Roman Empire fostered among its inhabitants and left behind it when the Empire itself had disappeared; and they are, secondly, the whole culture which was brought by Rome to certain parts of Europe which since Roman times have always been in the vanguard of civilisation and have often been its leaders. So, to understand our debt to Rome, we must look rather at Roman history than at Roman literature.

We must not forget that Rome left behind her a very varied achievement, and we must not fall into the mistake of thinking that the aspect which is most significant is the only aspect which has a meaning for the world to-day. In the book called *The Legacy of Rome*, ten chapters out of thirteen are devoted to subjects which here are not even mentioned. The most cogent reason why Rome deserves the study of every thinking man, even in our present century, is not to be found in her literature or in her art or in the technical advances—the development of the vault and of the dome—made by her architects and builders. If there is any visible reminder of the service rendered by Rome to western Europe, it is the Roman roads; for that road system which covered the whole Roman world is a symbol of the unity of the Empire. And that brings us to the heart of the Roman achievement. What Rome did was to teach the peoples of her time something more than was ever known before about living together—living together in peace and also in freedom. The study of the conditions in Europe which set modern statesmanship its hardest task inevitably brings every student before long to the Roman Empire. First of all, the hand of Rome is still plainly visible on the map. When we look at the political map, we see not only military frontiers and the boundaries between States, but at the same time boundaries between cultures. For instance the Rhine, for parts of its course, is the frontier between two States—the French Republic and the German Reich; but unhappily it is also the frontier between two cultures. And why?

Because the Rhine was the frontier of the Roman Empire. The lands to the west of the Rhine have a culture directly derived from Rome, the lands to the East of it have not. But our business here is to look at the political innovations by which Rome was enabled to build up her Empire.

By ancient history we mean the history of a region whose heart was the Mediterranean Sea, and in particular the history of that region from the end of the prehistoric period—say about 700 B.C.—down to the opening of the Middle Age, which may be conveniently marked by the inauguration of Constantinople in A.D. 330. Ancient history then, at any rate in its narrower sense which excludes the affairs of Egypt, Iraq and Asia Minor before they come within the purview of the Greeks, extends for about a thousand years from 700 B.C., and in that period the lead in civilisation lay first with the Greeks and later with the Romans. Throughout it there is a continuous development, and to know what the Romans contributed of their own we must know first what they inherited from their predecessors. To understand the development of the ancient world we must divide the history of its thousand years into three. First comes the age of independent Greece, from the beginnings of Greek history down to the year 338 B.C., when Philip II, King of Macedon and father of Alexander the Great, made himself master of the Balkan peninsula. Then follows the so-called Hellenistic Age, running on till 30 B.C., when the man we know by his later name Augustus overthrew Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and so destroyed the last of the Hellenistic monarchies. And finally, from 30 B.C. till the beginning of the Middle Age in A.D. 330, comes the period of the Roman Empire.

Of these three periods the first set a problem to the second, and the second, having made its effort at a solution, passed on the problem to the third. And then in the third, under the leadership of Rome, a solution was found which, though it was not final, meant the winning and consolidation for mankind of a great advance along the road to civilisation. And what was the original problem? Nothing but the problem of securing peace and freedom in the world. The great achievement of independent Greece was the development of the Greek city-state. The city-state in its Greek form was a very precious discovery: it was a setting in which freedom was secured. And the city-state became the foundation of the Græco-Roman civilisation.

But the city-state had one grave defect. It was not merely a community: as its name implies it was also a State—that is, an

independent unit in the political world whose members controlled not only their domestic affairs but their relations with other city-states as well, their foreign or international relations. And there came the trouble. The freedom which was a blessing at home was a curse when it was applied to matters of peace and war. These city-states were acutely conscious of their own individuality; they were always ready to quarrel with their neighbours; and this pugnacity proved fatal to independent Greece. The Greeks frittered away their strength on wars with one another, and so Greece fell helpless before the Macedonians in 338 B.C.

Independent Greece then handed on to the Hellenistic Age a task which is easy to understand—the task of finding some way in which the city-states might be got to live together in peace. In themselves they were good, and they must not be destroyed. But somehow or other their feuds must be prevented from leading to these incessant wars. After the conquests of Alexander in the East, the leaders of the Hellenistic world went to work; and the expedient on which they pinned their hopes was monarchy. The greater part of the Greek world was divided

into large states, each ruled by a king, and these kings took good care that the cities included in their dominions did not rush into war with one another. This was a move in the right direction, and it brought with it a great discovery—that the value of the city as the setting in which men could live in liberty was not fatally, or even seriously, impaired if it was deprived of the right to go to war at will. This discovery that freedom in local government was enough to make men think of themselves as free, and that the right to declare peace and war might be taken away from the citizens without turning them into slaves was a discovery full of the most fruitful possibilities. It meant that the Greek city still had a future before it. In the confusion of independent Greece it had been easy to despair of

the city-state and of the free institutions for which it stood. Now it was revealed that the city-states could be incorporated in larger political units, and the way was open for an advance from the small state to the large and thence perhaps to the state which, like the Roman Empire, should include the whole civilised world.

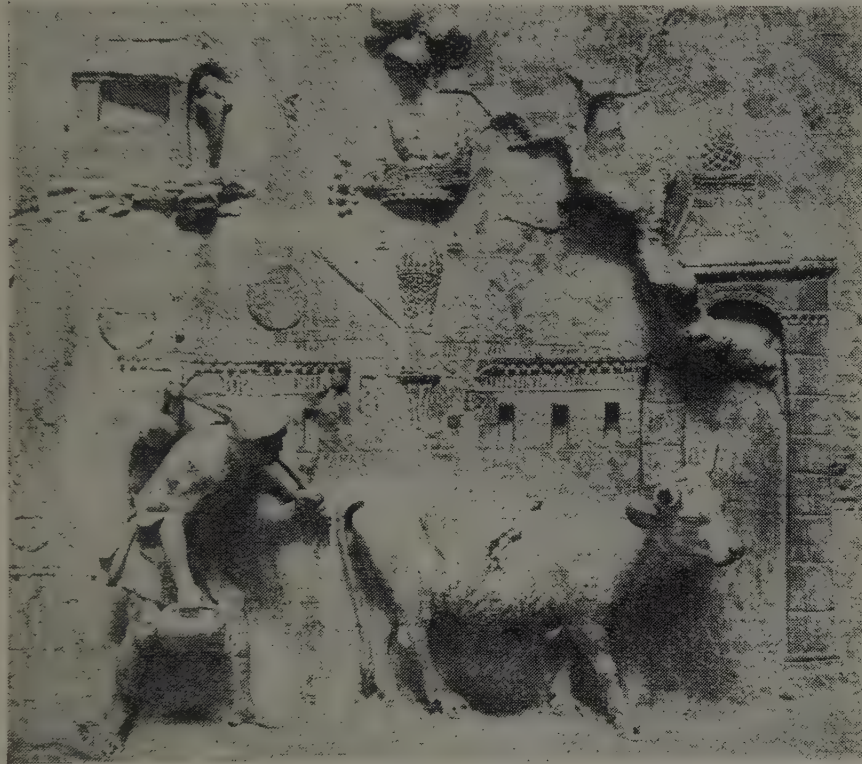
But how were the larger states to be held together? As we have seen, the great states of the Hellenistic age were ruled by kings—and these kings were not constitutional monarchs. Constitutional monarchy is an institution which had yet to be evolved; and though Rome came near to its discovery, the discovery in the end was left for England to make. The kings of the Hellenistic age were very different: they were autocrats. It is true that they did not interfere much with the local affairs of the cities under their control: they were content to collect taxes and to prevent the cities from fighting one another. But they were autocrats for all that. Their power was great; and with that power they went to war, and war became more common than before, and more terrible. The wars were now wars, not between cities, but between kingdoms; and the state of affairs in the eastern Mediterranean became worse than it had been in the age of independent Greece instead of better. The Hellenistic world under its rival autocrats reminds us of China under its War Lords in the last ten years. Though it was an age in which Greek thought—especially in the realms of science—made great advances, we need not be sorry that we were not born into the Hellenistic world. One great product of their age was the Stoic philosophy; and the brotherhood of man which the Stoics upheld was to some extent a protest against the incessant strife which disfigured the civilisation of their day.

Such wars would be made impossible if the whole world were included in a single state. In the Hellenistic age it had been

divided into several; and that had been the source of the trouble. To provide an oecumenical organisation—an organisation that was world-wide in extent—was one of the tasks left by the Hellenistic age to its successor. And that task the Roman Empire performed. But there was also another need. Loyalty to a king had been the bond which held together the Hellenistic kingdoms. Kings, in these days when kings were not constitutional monarchs but autocrats, had too often proved unworthy of their trust. If the danger of irresponsible rule was to be avoided, some other cement of empire must be found than allegiance to an individual. And that need, too, Rome went a long way to meet.

The properly Roman Age in ancient history begins very little before the birth of Christ. The date we suggested is 30 B.C. But in 30 B.C. Rome had a long history behind her, stretching back for more than half a millennium, and during that time she had gathered an experience of government which was of the greatest service in the task of carrying the progress of civilised society beyond the point at which it had been left by the preceding age. For five hundred years Rome had been dealing with problems of government; and if we are to understand how Rome contrived in

later days to solve the great problem of uniting the whole civilised world, we must first know something of the ideas which she had picked up before she took charge of Mediterranean history. About 500 B.C. Rome was already a city; but she was only one of many cities in Italy; she was a small city, whose leaders were only local farmers with estates that did not exceed fifty acres or so; and her remotest political horizon lay not more than thirty miles from the site of Rome itself. When Julius Caesar was murdered in 44 B.C., every free inhabitant of Italy from the Alps down to the extremities of the peninsula was a citizen of Rome. The unification of Italy had been achieved, and that achievement had involved political experiments and political innovations which were a very valuable addition



The Italian Peasant—backbone of the Roman State. From a Landscape Relief of the Augustine Period
N.P.G. Photo

tion to the system of ideas which we call western civilisation.

The cardinal feature of Roman policy was the conservation of man-power. When there was political strife in a Greek community, the victorious party regularly allowed its opponents to hive off. They went abroad, founded a new city for themselves, and were lost to their native place. But when such troubles occurred at Rome—as in the early days they often did between the aristocracy and the unprivileged—no sacrifice was too great for the nobles if it would prevent their opponents from breaking away. So, too, when Greeks founded a colony it was, except in a small and very special class of cases, independent of its mother city; but when Rome founded a colony, the colonists remained citizens of Rome. Rome never allowed her strength in men to be sapped. Indeed, she was always seeking to increase it, and that constant recruitment of the citizen body was recognised as an article of Roman policy. They freely enrolled their neighbours in the Roman State; indeed, they ascribed this practice to Romulus, the legendary founder of the city. That is the point of the story about Romulus and the Sabines—a story too long to tell now, but one which can be read in Livy or Plutarch; and the point of it was adequately put by the Emperor Claudius when he said that Romulus fought his enemies in the morning and had made them citizens of Rome by night.

The result of that policy after several centuries was that in the years 90 and 89 B.C. Rome had gained experience enough to take a momentous step. She conferred her citizenship on the whole free population of what was then called Italy. For a long time more and more of the communities of Italy had been taken into the Roman State, but there still remained many which were independent and only connected with Rome by a treaty of alliance. It was these allies who put the political courage of Rome to its severest test. For various reasons they were dissatisfied.

They threatened to secede and cut themselves off from Rome. And the Romans determined that these people should not be lost to Rome. If they were not content to remain mere allies, they should be given all the privileges of Roman citizenship; and Roman citizens they became.

The process which ended by the inclusion of all Italy in the Roman State had the effect of transforming Rome herself; and the transformation brought with it a great addition to the political experience of the world. Rome had begun by being an ordinary city-state. There was a town with a territory stretching round it for a few miles. Everything was on the smallest scale—not least of all the constitution. For the conduct of public business the citizens did not elect representatives to sit in any sort of Parliament: indeed, it is virtually true to say that representative institutions were unknown in the ancient world. Instead, they met together and transacted their public business themselves. Citizenship in a city-state meant frequent attendance in the popular assembly and a considerable call on the citizens' time, even though they lived close at hand. But now Rome had grown till her citizenship was held by all the inhabitants in a country which stretched more than 500 miles from end to end. They could not be constantly coming to Rome to elect their magistrates or to vote on laws; nor could the assemblies at Rome manage the domestic affairs of the innumerable other cities up and down the Italian peninsula. Imagine a town of the size of London at the time of the Norman conquest—a town about one mile square—and imagine a territory round about it stretching from Watford to Croydon and from Uxbridge to Gravesend. Suppose that to be an independent state. It is easy to see that at least a majority of the inhabitants could come together to decide about their own affairs. Then imagine that the citizenship

of London is extended to everyone living in England, Scotland and Wales. They are all citizens of London, but there are no trains to bring them to London to vote. If they come at all, they must ride or drive, or walk. What would happen to this London citizenship? Clearly, it would become in fact, if not in name, the citizenship not of London but of Britain. The citizenship of London would cease to be the citizenship of a city-state and become the citizenship of a country-state. Moreover the other cities of the country would still be left of necessity to manage their own affairs. They would remain city-states as before, and their citizens would still have citizen rights in Nottingham or York or wherever it might be. But all alike would hold the citizenship of London as well. The citizenship of London would become what we know as an imperial citizenship. It would become a British citizenship—if not the tie which held Britain together, at least the symbol of British unity. Put Rome in the place of London, and Italy in place of Britain, and you have the supreme achievement of the Roman Republic.

Now perhaps it will be said that all this is very little to talk about so long. You take it for granted that you can vote at the elections of your county councillors, borough councillors and so forth—that is, enjoy the rights of citizenship in county or borough—and that you can also vote at elections for your member at Westminster—that is, enjoy the citizenship of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. But the idea of the compatibility of several citizenships which all this implies was strange to the world before Rome, and it was an idea born only with difficulty. Italy was the first country which had a single citizenship. And that single citizenship for a whole country—the discovery of the Roman Republic—is an institution which is the essential basis of all our representative systems.

Consider Your Verdict—I

Honeyman v. Williams

In view of the interest attaching to the experiment of broadcasting a series of Mock Trials, we have arranged that the trials should be commented on weekly in our columns by Mr. Vyvyan Adams, M.P.

THE CASE:—Mr. Edward Honeyman is walking towards London by the side of the Great West Road. He sees Mr. Daniel Williams driving away from London at a great speed in a high-powered open car. He is leaning back and talking to a companion in the back of the car. A little child strays out in front of the oncoming car. Mr. Honeyman immediately springs to her rescue and succeeds in saving her from accident. He is himself struck and severely injured. Mr. Honeyman brings an action against Mr. Williams for personal injury. Mr. Williams admits he was negligent but has raised the defence that the personal injuries were not caused by his negligence but by that of Mr. Honeyman.

COMMENTS:—The incidents give rise both to questions of criminal and civil responsibility and illustrate in an interesting way the difference between them. Criminally Mr. Williams is undoubtedly liable. He has certainly committed one of two offences under the recent Road Traffic Act. He has been guilty either of careless driving or of dangerous driving. When he is hauled before a magistrate he will probably plead guilty to the first of these offences. These two offences belong to the very limited category of crimes created by statute in comparatively recent times where no guilty intention in the mind of the offender need be proved by the prosecution. And in the criminal trial it will be no mitigation of the offence to prove that Honeyman has contributed to the accident by his own negligence.

The counsel for the plaintiff told us that this mock trial is only concerned with the question of civil liability—not as to whether Williams should be punished for a wrong against the community but whether Honeyman should be compensated for a wrong done to himself. In this type of tort (*i.e.*, civil wrong other than breach of contract) the first thing to decide is whether there has in fact been any conduct by Williams which would be improper in a reasonable man, and then whether he should have contemplated that Honeyman might be harmed by it. There is no dispute as to the presence of the first element, as Williams has admitted it. The whole crux of the matter is to be found in the second part. Should Williams have reasonably contemplated that Honeyman might be harmed by his carelessness? A decision of the courts will help us here. Suppose a mother is standing on a pavement and knows her children are playing in the street round the corner. Then, if a careless driver in passing so alarms her for the safety of her children that she herself becomes ill, that driver has been held to be liable. Indeed, the driver will be liable even though he has not touched the children. Moreover, the liability might actually arise even though they were not her own children.

In this case Honeyman has not merely been frightened. He has been moved to action by his fright. That action was not only a natural consequence of Williams' carelessness but a highly commendable one. That being so, is Honeyman to be in a worse position than a person who is injured through fright alone? If

the decision on this point were left to a jury it is long odds on their deciding for Honeyman. Pedestrians are notoriously favoured at the hands of a jury. And on the merits of this case such a conclusion seems highly desirable. Actually in English law there is no authority to cover this case, and in our system the court has the fascinating task of extending the law to embrace the fresh combination of circumstances. But the judge, to whose irony about one's duty to defend one's country I listened with great enjoyment, hinted very strongly that the jury ought to find for the defendant Williams. Only if the ordinary man had felt, in the circumstances, an irresistible impulse to act as Honeyman did, could the jury find for him. And he told us 'the higher you rate the courage of Mr. Honeyman the more do you remove his conduct from that of the ordinary man'. But it is convenient to remember that any compassion which the jury may want to show to Honeyman may have more justification at law than the judge wanted us to believe.

Anyone who was told of this experiment in broadcasting and had then declined or been unable to listen would perhaps complain that it was foredoomed to failure. Where, he might say, are those circumstances of pomp which characterise a trial in one of our courts? How indeed can you conduct a mock trial without at least some pretence of a court? Where are the bench with its awful robed judge and counsel with their wigs and gowns? A mere series of voices is bound to miss the mark. Besides, the type of oratory appropriate to a court will sound ridiculous upon the wireless. Is not the whole art of broadcasting to be conversational and to avoid condescension and pomposity? In fact such criticism would beg the question. This first broadcast mock trial did not concern a very interesting case, yet was on the whole a success because in actual practice counsel and judge have to direct their remarks to a small audience of twelve individuals. The more intimate counsel became, and the further they went from platform oratory, the more effective they were. The proceedings, from the listener's side, steadily improved. Counsel for the plaintiff was rhetorical and showed symptoms of the careful preparation he had to make. In court he would probably have only the skeleton of his final speech prepared and would rely for the stuffing upon the nature of the evidence elicited in cross-examination. Counsel for the defendant was better just because he remembered he had to appeal to the individual intelligence of his hearers.

But the judge, with his avuncular and almost paternal manner, was far the most convincing. However, when he said, as has often been said, 'we must administer the law as it is, and not as we might wish it to be' it is possible that, in this case, the two things were identical. While his technique was all that it should be, I hope that that of other counsel will be more conversational. But this particular case was unexciting, nor did it raise any very vital social questions, so perhaps any absence of intimate pleading may be understood.

VYVYAN ADAMS

Science Notes

Cosmic Rays—Scientific Nomenclature

PROFESSOR PICCARD has been nearly as enterprising in announcing his views on the cause and nature of the cosmic rays as he was in ascending recently in his ingenious but fragile balloon to the highest altitude reached by man. It is given to very few men of science—I can think at the moment only of Dr. Einstein—to have their scientific work broadcast to the world from the 'turn-over' columns of *The Times*. Dr. Einstein's work was exceedingly difficult to follow, but it was, there was no doubt, an important contribution to science; Professor Piccard's work, by contrast, is comparatively easy to follow. It has the demerit, however, of being neither particularly novel nor of contributing appreciably to the subject under investigation. No blame or criticism attaches to Professor Piccard for this. The subject of cosmic radiation has always been a difficult one, partly because of the radiation itself and largely because of the enormous experimental difficulties which its investigation requires. Professor Piccard is a comparative newcomer to the subject; he has already done something, and in the future he may do much more, but it is quite wrong to say, as someone did in the *Observer*, that his recent balloon ascent has 'considerably advanced the study of these fascinating and obscure rays'.

It is necessary to make this point clear lest the indiscriminating reader might think that something rather wonderful has just been announced. The method of obtaining the results was a courageous and most enterprising ascent in a balloon, at the peril of life, for which praise must be given without stint or qualification. But as it happened, on Professor Piccard's own showing, nothing particularly novel was found. He confirmed, but did not extend, results obtained by less spectacular methods. He expressed an opinion about the origin and nature of the rays which was sensible but by no means new; he could have expressed the same opinions had he never made the ascent. We must guard against paying more than ordinary attention to his scientific dicta simply because in another field of activity he is more than ordinary, or because the editor of a newspaper gave the article great prominence and dazzled the reader by adding at its conclusion the more than Prussian admonition (for a piece of work in pure science) that reproduction of it was 'forbidden'.

The two important results which are emphasised by the Professor in his article are that the intensity of the cosmic radiation above a certain height from the ground is equal in all directions, and that the variation of the magnitude of this intensity with its height from the earth's surface follows an unexpected law. From these two points he is inclined to deduce that the cosmic rays, as they have been lately called (they were originally called the penetrating radiation), are not cosmic at all—that is to say, are probably not produced outside of the earth but somehow, somewhere, in the upper atmosphere itself. The first of the points is confirmation of experiments of Professor Kolhörster of Potsdam, who is the *doyen* of workers in this field. The second is mainly the work of Dr. Regener, who succeeded last August in sending pilot balloons, with instruments attached, to a height of about seventeen or eighteen miles from the ground; the principal instrument automatically recorded the intensity of the rays, while subsidiary instruments recorded the pressure of the air and its temperature. The Regener experiments are the culmination of work begun in 1910 by Dr. Gockel, now dead. The heights recently attained are, of course, much higher than those reached by Professor Piccard personally this year and last, and consequently the results obtained are fuller and on the whole more instructive.

The inference which Professor Piccard draws from these experimental results, namely, that the cosmic rays are not cosmic at all but terrestrial, is a highly interesting one, although, as the Professor admits, it is not the only one consistent with the very few facts known. This view is in form a revival of one of the earlier theories about the rays, when they were called, as they are still called in the standard work on radioactivity, the penetrating rays. The earlier views, however, were put partly into the shade by the theoretic reasoning, the experimental work, and the powerful advocacy of Professor Millikan, of California, who, believing the rays to come from outside and finding

that they were not due to the sun or moon or stars, advocated most engagingly that they were the results of atom-building by protons and electrons in the depths of space. For such a process 'cosmic' was the appropriate word. Since 1930, however, there has been a gradual return to the view that they might be terrestrial in origin, connected in some way with thunderstorms. This most prosaic and local theory, contrasting ill with the atom-building or even atom-annihilation processes suggested by other workers, was first put forward tentatively by Professor C. T. R. Wilson, of Cambridge, and is now being developed and extended by Professor Lindemann, of Oxford. In thunderstorms there is the possibility that electrons with the enormous energies of a thousand million volts might be summoned into existence and that such electrons would behave like the penetrating rays.

The reader will best understand the difficulties of this subject if I tell him that even now there is no certainty whether the penetrating rays are electromagnetic in character like light or wireless waves, or are particles without charge like neutrons, or charged positively like protons or negatively like electrons. In measuring instruments they act as exceedingly swift electrons, but, unfortunately, exceedingly swift electrons behave very like exceedingly swift protons and also like electromagnetic waves. A magnet or magnetic fields which differentiate between these types of rays when the particles are not excessively swift, by bending them in one direction or in its opposite, have no measurable effect on the penetrating rays. Yet for any theory of their origin it matters all the width of heaven what is their nature. What is certain is that they do not arise from the earth itself or from radioactive material in the atmosphere. It is almost certain that they do not come from the sun or the stars, although the view that there is a small diurnal variation (due, therefore, to the sun) in their intensity has only recently been abandoned. There is some evidence now arising that there is an annual variation; if this can be fully proved it fixes them as terrestrial in origin. What the subject now wants badly is a rest from speculation and a wide extension of observations. Of these, observations on intensity in the high atmosphere, at the surface of the earth and in the depths of lakes (especially of those at high altitudes), and experiments on their nature in the laboratory, are likely to be the most fruitful. It may be said roughly that if the rays prove to be electromagnetic they are likely to come from outside, that is, to be truly cosmic in some such way as Professor Millikan thinks; if, however, they are proved to be electronic there is a strong case for their being formed in the upper atmosphere.

I cannot resist transcribing the scientific name of a chemical compound, commonly known as cholesterol, of formula, $C_{27}H_{46}O$, a substance found in all animals' fats and oils, whose chemical constitution has recently been the subject of research. The name is due to Professor Robinson, the organic chemist, and was suggested by him in a recent letter to *Nature*. Cholesterol may be described as 2:6:22-trimethyl-(7:24) (8:22) (12:21) (16:20)-tetracyclotetracosene- $\Delta^{16:17}$ -14-ol. It is pleasant to think that to the organic chemist such a name can be as plain as a bar of music to a musician and possibly more satisfying. It is even more remarkable that research has arrived at such a point that a complicated natural product like cholesterol has so completely yielded up the nature of its structure as to be so accurately described.

A. S. RUSSELL

An Exhibition of fashion plates of 1850-1900 was opened yesterday at the Bethnal Green Museum and will continue until November 20. The material has chiefly been drawn from the fashion journals which became so popular in the Victorian era and it comprises some 350 coloured plates ranging in date from the time of the Great Exhibition to the close of the nineteenth century, together with some original drawings and a small group of models of costumes. This Exhibition should serve as a useful commentary to the collection of actual dresses of the same date which forms one of the principal permanent exhibits of the Museum, and will also show how modern fashion development in some of its features tends more and more towards details characteristic of Victorian times.

The Child's Book in Retrospect

By PHILIP JAMES

THE business of providing literature for our children is one of the parental, or avuncular, duties we all like to treat rather seriously, so that the Exhibition of English Illustrated Books for Children which has just been opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum will be found to be both entertaining and informative. Here we see that for well over two centuries definite attempts have been made to write books specifically for the young, although it may reasonably be said that for the child bent upon reading, any book is a child's book. The exclusion of unillustrated books accounts for the absence of some old favourites, but very few works have not been drawn at one time or another into the illustrator's net.

The number of various groups into which children's books divide themselves, when they are all laid out before us, is seen to be vast—books of instruction, the earliest kind produced in the first instance for the pedagogue rather than for the pupil; fairy tales and nursery rhymes, perpetuated in print after years of oral tradition; moral tales, in which the young are encouraged to be different from, rather than like, their fellows; stories of adventure and of real life; nature and travel books; and books of sheer fun and nonsense. These are some of the types which emerge from the material that has been brought together to make a representative rather than an exhaustive collection. The historical section, which extends from the horn-books of the seventeenth century to the end of 1918, is arranged chronologically, while the post-War period is represented by the best examples selected from the stock of existing publishers and arranged in such classes as have been indicated.

A horn-book—and there are several of these elusive aids to learning in the exhibition—may not be truly a book; but it can be illustrated. One is of ivory delicately ornamented with a bird said to represent the crest of the Tallow Chandlers' Company (Fig. 2), thus indicating the school attended by its owner; and another in silver has a pleasantly engraved back. Perhaps these should be more correctly called by their old name *battledore*, commonly used by reason of their shape. The earliest printed book, and certainly one of the first books written for the schoolboy to handle himself and read with profit and even pleasure, is rightly Comenius' *Orbis sensualium pictus*, or *Visible world . . . for the use of young Latine-Scholars* as Hoole called it in his anglicised edition. This wise old Moravian bishop was an educationalist with sound views, for he wished children to be taught 'about things'. 'Whereas', he complains, 'boyhood is distracted for years with precepts of grammar infinitely prolix, perplexed, and obscure'. Every interest and occupation that befits the adolescent scholar is included in this picture-book from 'crawling vermin' to 'cookery' (Fig. 3) and 'tennis-play', and all the subjects are illustrated by artless little engravings by means of which the author proposed 'to entice witty children'.

From this time onwards until the middle of the eighteenth century, a period forming as it were the pre-history of our subject, fare was meagre for children. There was little for them beyond the fairy tales told by Perrault and the Comtesse d'Aulnois, the *Arabian Nights*, Æsop's *Fables*, the stories of Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe (soon annexed in spite of their authors' original purpose), and for Sunday afternoons Dr. Watts' *Divine and Moral Songs*, a solitary forerunner of the spate of

improving literature that was to come. But in 1744 a new chapter opens with the appearance of John Newbery, the first publisher of children's books as such. He flooded the country not only with patent medicines, which provided him with a living, but also with a host of 'little pretty pocket-books' and the like in gay flowered and gilt Dutch paper covers. To his association with Goldsmith, whom he plied with odd guineas in his necessity, we probably owe *Goody Two-Shoes* and the racy *Tommy Trip's Pretty Book of Pictures for Little Masters and Misses*. These were indeed books which children could call their own by reason of their make-up as well as their contents. The illustrations to these little books are usually of the crudest type, but very shortly a new standard was set by the appearance of Thomas Bewick as an illustrator. His fine cuts for Æsop as

well as for a delightful trifle such as the *Lottery Book* published by his employer, Saint of Newcastle, are to be seen in the exhibition.

With the appearance of *Sandford and Merton*, and Maria Edgeworth's stories for children, the wider issues underlying contemporary thought begin to influence children's literature, and so the moral tale enters the field in full force. For all their pietistic bombast, which inevitably evokes ridicule in modern readers, the works of Mesdames Barbauld, Trimmer, Kilner, Sherwood, Jane and Ann Taylor, and the other pillars of the didactic school, contain both a sense of drama and genuine literary merit. It is rather by their tyrannous refusal to admit the recreative powers of children's literature that they stand condemned. If they unwittingly depicted parents for posterity as hypocritical monsters and children as deceitful prigs they were at least perfectly sincere in their intention that 'improving' literature (how many thousand times this sickening epithet appears) should be administered together with the rod and the medicine glass. It is unnecessary

to seek for a more lucid exponent of their doctrine than Isaac Taylor, the elder brother of Jane and Ann. An interview between this divine of Ongar and, shall we say, Mr. Bertrand Russell might well provide the world with another imaginary conversation. Speaking of children in the introduction to his *Picturesque Piety* he says: 'To the pious, who consider them immortal and who feel they are sinful creatures, the duty, the imperious necessity of instilling early some correct notions of their danger, and its only remedy is found to have an importance far outweighing all other considerations. . . . The eye and the ear both conduce to interest the imagination and impress the heart of the little lisper. The author will be happy should the accompanying short pieces obtain favour as conducive to this effect'. How well the reverend author succeeds in terrifying his youthful audience may be gauged from his treatment of the subject of Elisha and the bears:

Ah, where shall we hide ourselves, where shall we run?
These ugly fierce creatures will kill everyone;
I'm sure I meant nothing, I did it in fun—
I said, go up bald-head, go, go.

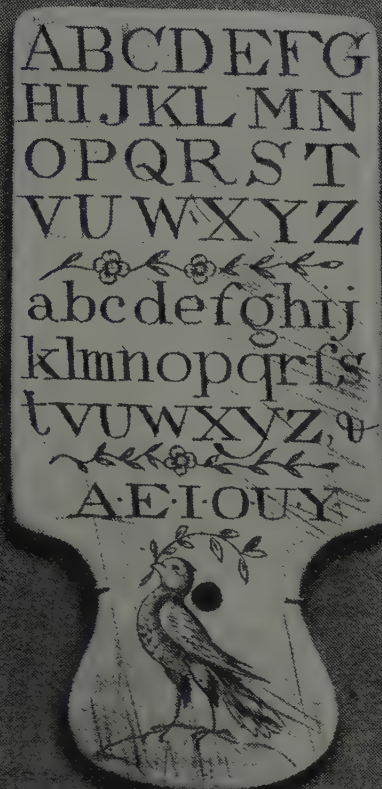
In the second verse drama is intensified at the expense of grammar:

Ah, see there's my brother, is torn limb from limb;
And look at that other, so bloody and grim;
They cannot now, fast enough run off from him:
That shriek was my sister's, so slender and slim;
Who thought fun would thus end in woe?

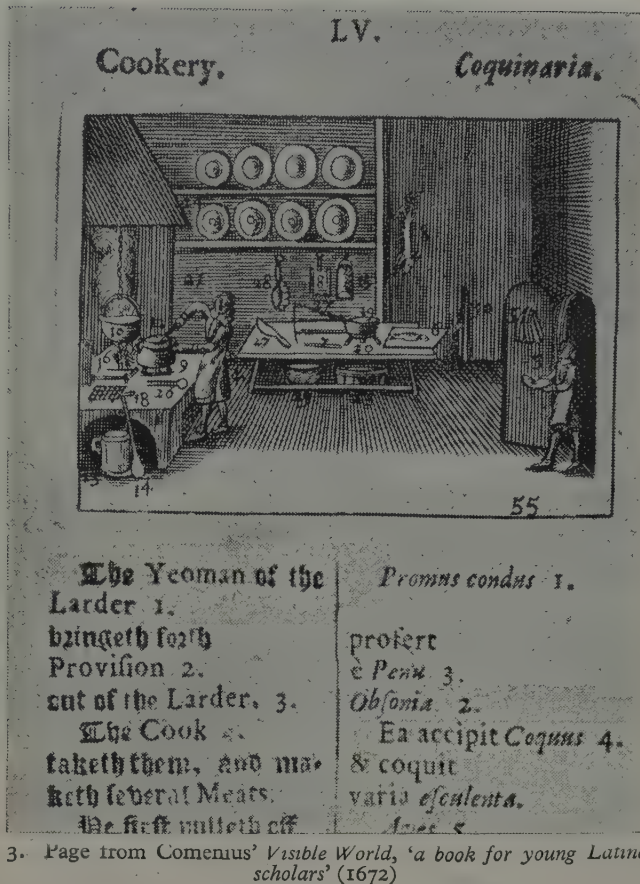


1. 'The Story of the Nose', illustrated by Cruikshank, from the first translation of Grimm's fairy stories (1826)
Victoria and Albert Museum

The Exhibition of Children's Books



2. Ivory Battledore, or Horn Book, of the seventeenth century, lent to the Exhibition by Mr. C. T. Owen



3. Page from Comenius' *Visible World*, 'a book for young Latine scholars' (1672)



DAME WIGGINS of Lee,
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle,
Or washed in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipathy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

From *Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats* (c. 1815)



There was a young lady named
Ryder,
She shrunk at the sight of a spider;
She once gave a scream,
And leaped into the stream,
When she saw one crawling beside
her.

5. From *Anecdotes of Fifteen Ladies*, one of the earliest books of Limericks (c. 1820)

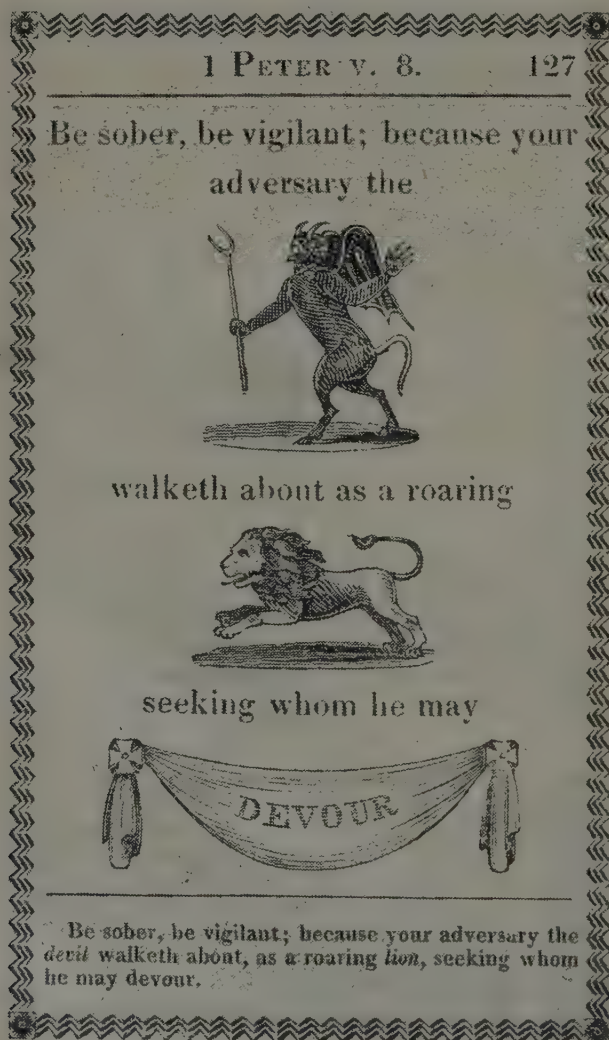


6.

From *The Elegant Girl* (c. 1803)

'The lady here holds out her hand
And says "Temptation you'll withstand,
This fruit, my child, with you I'm sure

Will on the table rest secure
You'll touch it not without my leave
Laira her mother won't deceive"



7. From a Hieroglyphic, or Rebus, Bible (1834), lent by
Mr. G. Little

SONGS,
DIVINE AND MORAL,
FOR
THE USE OF CHILDREN.

BY THE
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.



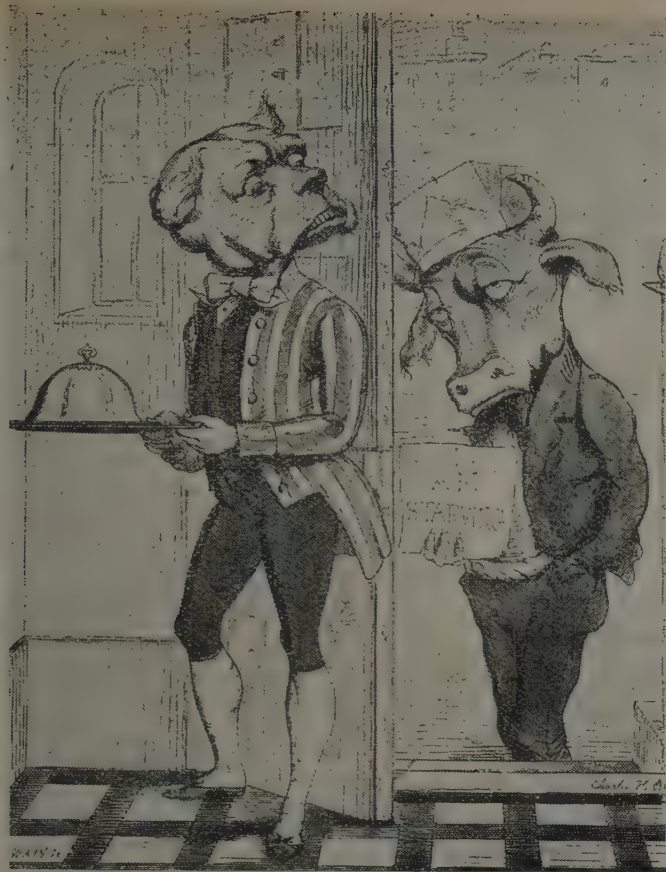
LONDON

CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.

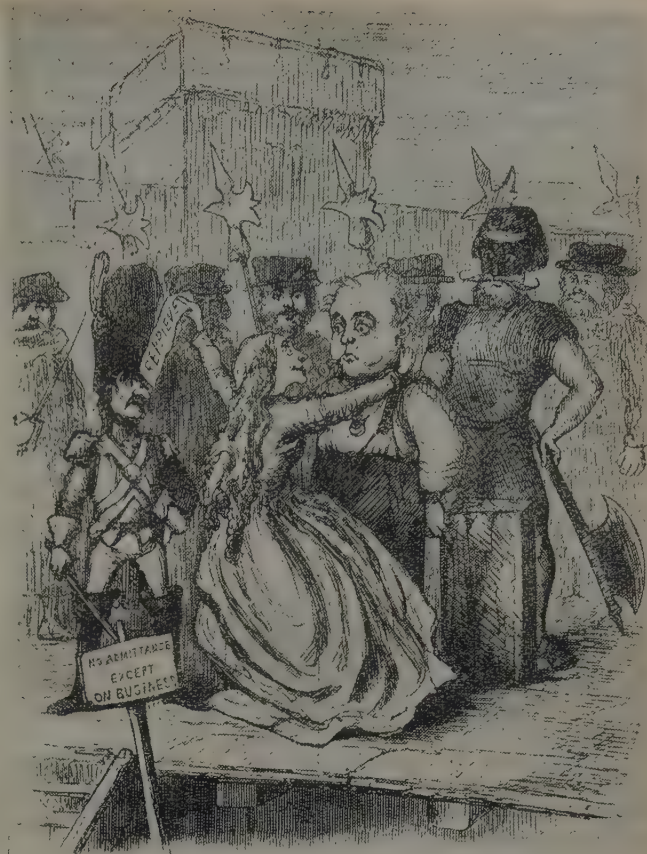
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8. From the copy of *Songs, Divine and Moral*, coloured by John
Constable for his daughter on the occasion of her birthday (1832)

Victoria and Albert Museum



9. 'The Dog in the Manger'—one of Charles H. Bennett's illustrations to the *Fables of Æsop* (1857)



10. 'Angelica arrives in time'—one of Thackeray's own illustrations to *The Rose and the Ring* (1855)

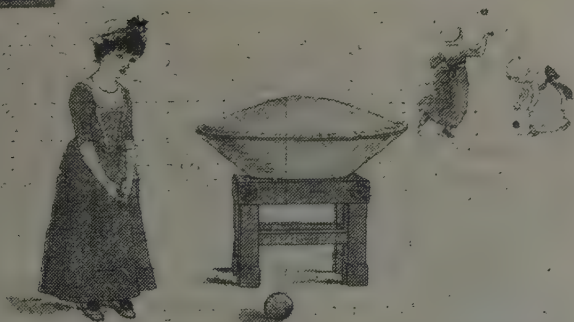


11. A 'Dick Doyle' illustration to *The Princess Nobody* (1851)
'What a Baby, how absurd
To be bullied by a Bird.'



12. 'Dance before Meat, as performed by the Monsters of the Cave'—an illustration by Ernest Griset to *Legends of Savage Life*, by J. Greenwood (1867)

L LONGED FOR IT



13. A Kate Greenaway drawing for *An Apple Pie* (1886)



14. Drawing by Florence K. Upton for *The Golliewog's Airship*, by Bertha Upton (1902)

But this is harmless when compared with the enormity of the mother figured in one of twelve charming scenes forming the anonymous *The Elegant Girl or, Virtuous Principles the True Source of Elegant Manners* (c. 1805). Beneath the plate reproduced here (Fig. 6) we may read the following deplorable verse:

The lady here holds out her hand
And says 'Temptation you'll withstand,
This fruit, my child, with you I'm sure
Will on the table rest secure
You'll touch it not without my leave
Laura her mother won't deceive'.

The illustrations in this book are of the highest quality, and the next quarter of a century proclaims itself insistently as the *haute époque* of the illustrator's art. Engravings, woodcuts, and the newly discovered lithographs with their lovely bloom, were all used, both plain and coloured, to brighten and beautify books of trades, pence-tables, puzzles, limericks, botany, conchology and every other subject that could provide material for the child's amusement or instruction. Title pages seldom give any clue at this date to the identity of the artists employed; but it is known that the young Mulready had a hand in many of the books issued by John Harris 'at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard'. All the refinements of modern colour processes have not accounted for a finer set of children's books than came from the counters of this tasteful bookseller. One of his most successful series was a set of frivolous booklets, the first of which, entitled the *Butterfly's Ball* (1807), had an immediate success. The author was William Roscoe, the famous Liverpool banker, who wrote it as a skit on a city banquet to amuse his children, and as the time was now ripe for a little levity and wit to leaven the heavy lump of morality a host of imitations followed it, of which *The Peacock at Home* is the best known. Another popular antidote to Mrs. Sherwood was the excellent ballad, *Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats* (Fig. 4) which Ruskin enjoyed sufficiently to republish many years later with additional verses from his own pen accompanied by Kate Greenaway's drawings. We must also notice the publication about 1820 of three or four books of Limericks (Fig. 5). There seems to be no doubt that it was this series with their vigorous coloured woodcuts that inspired Lear (then a boy of eight) to write his *Book of Nonsense* some twenty years later. The renewal of interest in fairy tales, which was a natural accompaniment to the Romantic Revival, accounted for one of the best books of the period: I mean Cruikshank's edition of the Grimm's *Popular Stories* (Fig. 1) which he issued with his own masterly illustrations in 1824-26. Such superb draughtsmanship combined with a fertile power of invention and the most delicious fantasy places him immediately in the front rank of illustrators for children. In the same case you will notice a unique copy of Watt's *Divine Songs* coloured by John Constable himself as a birthday present for his daughter Emily in 1832 (Fig. 8).

The period of darkness which now settled over not only book illustration but all the arts, is amusingly illustrated in the exhibition by some examples of colour lithography which have to be seen to be believed. But as a set-off against countless insignificant illustrations to such a series as the 'Peter Parley' books we see a definite advance in the literary contents. *Swiss Family Robinson*, which had been first translated as early as 1814, the works of Harriet Martineau, Catherine Sinclair, Capt. Marryat and other real story-tellers were the forerunners of *Treasure Island* and books by Ballantyne, Manville Fenn and Henty. Gradually the illustrator comes back into his own and we pass from the black-and-white of

Thackeray's own drawings to his *Rosé and the Ring* (Fig. 11), Noel Paton's designs for *The Water-Babies*, and Tenniel's immortal commentary on *Alice*, to the coloured books of C. H. Bennett, whose delicate satirical drawings are far too unfamiliar (Fig. 9), of Ernest Griset, who is best when he is macabre (Fig. 12), and of 'Dicky' Doyle, who has an unusually fine sense of design, especially when natural forms are his material (Fig. 11). The presence of many original drawings for books of this period—for example, the priceless copy of *Alice through the Looking-glass*, with Tenniel's pencil sketches opposite every illustration—indicates forcibly how much the final result depends on the sensibility and the particular technique of the engraver who transfers the drawing on to the woodblock. The employment of a second person in this intermediary stage, and not a machine, makes inevitably for a certain sameness between the work of certain artists which, however, is seen not to exist when the originals are compared. From this point it is but a short step to the triumvirate of the 'seventies and 'eighties. Here

again it is worth remembering that Crane, Caldecott and Kate Greenaway (Fig. 13) were all presented to the public through the medium of the skilful and tasteful colour-printer Edmund Evans. The works of the more immediate past need no introduction and the adventures of a certain gollywog family (Fig. 14) must be fresh in the memories of many of us.

The modern section of the exhibition (in which the books may be turned over and read) hardly seems to suggest the advent of another Newbery or Harris. The percentage of books illustrated by means of the various suitable techniques of the present day—the offset process, for example—is surprisingly low; and the preponderance of plates printed by the three-colour process on coated paper seems unduly high.

What is still more serious is the evident attitude in too many cases that any artist is good enough to be the illustrator of a child's book. But there are some books which make up for many failures. Nothing, not even the certainty that I am overlooking other work of real merit, will stop me recommending William Nicholson's *The Pirate Twins*, Ruth Sandy's *Numerous Names Nimble Narrated*, Miss Fyleman's new nursery rhymes illustrated by Dorothy Burroughes, or any of E. F. Daglish's nature books to those who have Christmas in mind when they visit the exhibition.

Report on Crossword No. 134

Contrary to our expectation this proved an extremely difficult Crossword. The verse from *Stalky* cannot have baffled competitors for long, but failure to verify BLOTTERATURE (42 across) and THEORIST (45 across with 39 down) led to numerous errors. (The former, we learn, should have had two T's; Afrit's authority gave one.) Apparently the connection between 30 down and 36 across was not obvious. COLOURS (Cf. *Blues*) is commonly used to denote those who have gained their colours. The sole correct solution was that of W. A. Jesper (Haxby).

NOTES

Poem. Kipling: *Stalky & Co.*
Across.—1. Two meanings. 11. Billiards, -saurus. 13. 'Muddled oafs' (Kipling); 15. Torch, roadside sign; 24. *Pericles*, III. 2; 25. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. VIII; 27. *The Hill* (H. A. Vachell); 29. Peon, poena; 31. Digamma (*Tom Brown's School-days*, Ch. IV); 37. Boreas; 42. *Knight's Life of Colet*; 45. *Theorist* (*A Dominie's Log*, A. S. Neill).
Down.—2. Dant, soft coal; 5. Talbot Baines Reed; 7. *Toe-toe*, reed-like grass; 8. Birch; 16. *Eric* (Dean Farrar); 33. *The Sage Enamoured*, 4 (*Meredith*); 35. Toyer; 38. *Hubbub*.



From *The Butterfly's Ball* by William Roscoe (1808)

'And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, Green, Orange and Blue'

Victoria and Albert Museum

W	A	L	L	O	P	E	R	T	O	C	O	U
I	N	O	F	F	I	C	E	O	E	R	U	S
T	D	S	O	F	T	A	E	H	T	I	R	W
H	T	O	R	C	H	E	D	J	O	B	S	I
F	H	S	T	H	E	R	E	H	E	W	E	M
A	E	T	H	A	A	R	A	H	T	I	C	H
M	Y	R	E	N	D	A	W	I	D	N	E	R
O	B	O	L	C	A	T	E	R	P	I	L	O
U	E	P	O	E	N	I	Q	A	M	M	A	D
S	A	L	V	E	O	C	O	L	O	U	R	S
M	T	H	E	Y	B	O	R	E	U	S	M	S
E	O	B	L	O	T	E	R	A	T	U	R	E
N	N	U	L	T	O	R	Y	T	H	I	S	T

*The Law of the Land—III**Content of the Law*

By the Rt. Hon. LORD MACMILLAN

SCIENCE, we are told, is largely a matter of classification. Each of the sciences classifies its subject matter in systematic form for its own purposes. And so does the law, for it too, is a science, though not, as Lord Halsbury forcibly reminded us, an exact science. Let us see then how the law classifies the phenomena with which it has to deal. Just because it is not an exact science we cannot get absolute and rigid categories. The human relations with which the law is concerned are embedded in history and are affected by psychological factors which render them intractable to strictly scientific methods of arrangement. As it has been admirably said by that veteran of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Holmes, who retired only in January last at ninety years of age—'The life of the Law has not been logic: it has been experience'. Still it is possible and also very useful to analyse the great body of rules which in the process of the ages has been evolved for the achievement of peace, order and good government in our midst. From such an analysis several broad distinctions emerge among the different kinds of laws, according to the different character of the human relations with which they deal. One of the broadest of these distinctions is between the laws which regulate our rights and duties in relation to the State, and those which regulate our rights and duties in relation to our fellow citizens. Probably you expected me to say that the main distinction was between criminal law and civil law. That is, of course, a very cardinal distinction, but I venture to think mine is even broader. At any rate it will best serve my purpose here.

Criminal law is a part, but only a part, of public law; but as it is perhaps the most conspicuous branch, I shall say something about it first. It is interesting to find that the conception of crime in its modern sense is of comparatively late growth historically. In early times the victims or the families of victims of what we should now call crimes were left to seek redress by private vengeance or by the exaction of compensation according to a somewhat barbarous tariff. But in the modern State it is recognised that there are certain kinds of acts so injurious to the general welfare that it is a matter of public concern and so the business of the State to suppress them, if orderly life is to be carried on with reasonable security, or in the old phrase, if the King's Peace is to be maintained. The criminal law forbids the commission of such acts and visits with punishment those who disobey. It is not always easy to draw an exact line between crimes and civil wrongs, but probably the most practical test is to be found in this feature of resultant pains and penalties which distinguishes criminal offences. The civil courts do not punish unsuccessful litigants, though an adverse judgment may have serious enough consequences. The civil courts decide contests between competing claims. In the criminal courts, properly speaking, no one either wins or loses his case; what happens is that the accused is found either guilty or not guilty—with, in Scotland, the third possibility of a verdict of not proven.

Crimes and Contraventions

In modern times the criminal law has been so greatly extended in its scope by the creation of a whole host of statutory offences of very varying degrees of gravity, that it is rather unfortunate that technically we should have to describe them all as criminal; but we are still without a satisfactory classification of the acts and omissions which the law punishes. The old distinction between felonies and misdemeanours has become almost meaningless and only confusing. There is, however, a useful though somewhat discredited distinction between criminal acts which are recognised as inherently wrong and criminal acts which are wrong only because the law has deemed it expedient to prohibit them, between *mala in se* and *mala prohibita*. Now, in the mind of the ordinary law-abiding citizen, perhaps even of the criminal himself, there is an instinctive feeling that some acts are really wicked and call out for punishment, and the word 'crime' for him denotes acts of this character which contain an element of moral iniquity. But criminal law is not confined to such acts. It extends to all sorts of trivial contraventions of statutory provisions which no layman would describe as crimes. It would be absurd to regard as a moral reprobate a person who—if I may borrow the instance from Professor Allen—has failed to provide himself with the pattern of ashbin prescribed by the local authority, yet he is no doubt liable to prosecution and penalties.

The learned Professor whom I have just quoted has recently attempted a classification of indictable crimes, that is, of the more serious offences, which are tried on a formal charge before a jury, and brings out a total of no fewer than 331. When to these are added the almost innumerable statutory and other offences which are tried summarily, we can scarcely wonder that he finds it necessary to reassure us that 'it is still possible

for a careful man to exist for considerable periods together without paying fines or going to prison'.

Obligations and Rights of Citizenship

The next class of laws which concern our relations with the State are the revenue laws which regulate customs and excise, income tax and death duties and so forth. Like the criminal law, the revenue laws demand obedience. The ordinary civil law is not compulsory. I need not marry unless I like, though some states have imposed a tax on bachelors, and even our own income-tax law makes some concession to married persons. But if I do marry the law prescribes how I must do it. I need not enter into any particular contract unless I choose to, but again, if I do, the law says how I may do so and what are the legal consequences of doing so. The revenue laws are not like that. As Benjamin Franklin said, 'In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes'. The contributions which are exacted from us in the name of rates and taxes are imposed compulsorily because they are required to secure the national safety, to defray the cost of working the machinery of administration and, nowadays to an increasing extent, to promote general and local comfort and welfare by maintaining many forms of public utilities and social service.

There is yet another chapter of the law which concerns our relations with the State, and a very important one it is. Criminal law and revenue law deal mainly with our duties to the State; but in constitutional law—my third division—we find the rights which citizenship gives us. In this chapter are contained not only the laws, written and unwritten, which regulate the powers and the proceedings of Parliament, but also the statutes which entitle us to have a share in making our laws—the Representation of the People Acts which confer the franchise and give every elector the right to vote for the person whom he wishes to represent him in the Legislature. It is well to remember that everyone has a share of responsibility for the laws by which he is governed, for all law is subject to Parliament, and Parliament is itself composed of the chosen representatives of the people. It has been said that every nation has the government it deserves, and it may be said with equal truth that every nation has the laws it deserves. If you are inclined to complain sometimes of the law I would remind you that you have constitutionally the right to do your part to amend it. If the people are really in earnest in wanting a change in the law, the remedy is in their own hands, for Parliament is there to give effect to their wishes.

One good result which I think would flow from people taking a greater interest in the law, as distinguished from purely political issues, is that there would be more popular insistence on various measures of legal reform which are long overdue. For example, a Royal Commission under Lord Gorell reported years ago on the amendments which should be made in our divorce laws, but nothing has been done, and much unnecessary unhappiness continues to be suffered because Parliament has not been able to find the time to give effect to the Commission's recommendations or prefers the safe course of letting sleeping dogmas lie. If the electors chose to show that they really cared about this and other reforms of the law—in other words, to put it brutally, if it were seen that there were votes at stake in the cause—their elected representatives would soon see that time was found for the necessary legislation. And so it is my hope that a wider and more intelligent interest in the law may lead to many improvements in it which none are more anxious than the lawyers themselves to see effected. Before leaving the subject of constitutional law I would just add that it is under this head that you find some of our most fundamental laws, such as the famous law of *habeas corpus*, which safeguards the liberty of the subject, and the laws providing for freedom of speech, the liberty of the Press and the right of public meeting.

Law of Domestic Relations

So much then for the laws which deal with our relations to the State. When I turn to the laws which regulate our relations with each other—what, for the want of a better word, I may term the sphere of private law—I find myself confronted with a vast mass of laws as miscellaneous and as heterogeneous as are our lives and interests themselves. I can only instance some of the main topics.

Take first, because it is of the most intimate concern to all of us, the law of the domestic relations which provides the framework of our family lives. This branch of law is always a most characteristic part of a nation's laws, for it reflects more than any other its history, its sentiments and the degree of enlightenment which it has attained. It is also a branch of law peculiarly

resistant to change, because it is so engrained in custom and habit. The law of husband and wife provides a peculiarly interesting social study, and involves the problems of the status of the husband and the wife in the family, their mutual rights and duties, not only in the matter of property, but also in the matter of their conduct to each other, and the provisions for separation and divorce. The law of parent and child, a relationship which has seen much social and some legal change of late years, is no less significant. And then there is the law of master and servant, originally largely a domestic relation, but nowadays, as a result of modern industrial developments, removed almost entirely into another sphere, except as regards what we still call domestic service, and some vestiges of the old personal relation in apprenticeship. The law relating to children is only one branch of the laws designed to protect those who cannot protect themselves, and we find the law dealing also with other helpless human beings in the lunacy and mental deficiency codes, and happily now extending also to the protection of what we are pleased to call the lower animals. These chapters of the law may be said to relate to the status of different kinds of human beings, the rights and duties which are theirs because they are husbands and wives, parents and children, and so on.

Contracts and Torts

But there is a still larger body of law which deals with our relations with our fellows in all the transactions, incidents and accidents of our daily lives. Two of the most important chapter-headings are the law of contract and the law of torts. The former—the law of contract—covers all the manifold transactions into which we enter under the familiar names of partnership, sale and purchase, borrowing and lending, pledging and all our various forms of dealing with each other. The latter—the law of torts—under its archaic name has a very large say in our lives, for it defines the duties which, apart from contract altogether, we owe to each other in our many contacts with each other, and confers the right to compensation for the infringement of these duties. It deals with the law of negligence—that is, the failure to take that degree of care which the law requires of the reasonable man in his conduct as affecting others. When you are run down in the street by a negligent motorist, you are entitled to reparation,

because the motorist has inflicted on you a tort—which, after all, is just a wrong. The law says that persons using the highway have a duty to take care not to injure others who have equally a right to its use, and if this duty is neglected and injury results, then damages are due. And so with a thousand and one other relationships in which we daily place ourselves with our fellows, and which call for the duty of care on our part for the safety and interest of others.

One of the great departments of our law of which we are justly proud is our mercantile code which, as befits a trading nation like ourselves, has been admirably adapted to our requirements. It is in no small degree the product of the genius of Lord Mansfield, the great Chief Justice of England, who, in the eighteenth century, formulated its principles on sound lines. The limited company, a product of last century's developments, has a whole chapter to itself and may be said to be still in a process of evolution.

I have left myself no time to speak of many other branches of the law and notably the land laws, ecclesiastical law, and that great branch of law known as adjective law, which deals with the procedure of carrying the law into effect. But I knew when I started that time would be up before I had done more than touch the fringes of my subject. And I am really much more concerned to arouse your interest than to exhaust my subject. What I have tried to convey to you, to inspire in you, is the realisation that behind all the formidable array of its technicalities the law is a very human affair after all and full of dramatic interest. Indeed, in these days of great social experiments, law tends to come more and more in touch with all of us. It is, believe me, no dry-as-dust business, for all its forbidding appearance, but an affair of our daily lives whose study is not only of practical value but yields intellectual pleasure of a high degree. To Sir Walter Scott, we are told, Scots Law 'had something of the attraction of a country in romance. He found it rich in vestiges of Scottish history and custom; it was both a monument of his country's past and a precious reliquary of the lives out of which it had arisen'. I fear I have fallen far short of presenting you with so attractive a Pisgah-view of the Law's domain, but I shall be content if I have tempted even a few of you to explore its territories for yourselves.

Two New Talks Pamphlets

How the Mind Works. By Cyril Burt. B.B.C. 5d.*

UNLIKE PROFESSOR BURT's previous pamphlet (long, alas! out of print), *How the Mind Works* is not a summary of the series of talks on this subject, but an introductory essay. It is a whole in itself, and most pleasurable reading, whether for the man in the street or a sophisticated fellow-psychologist—and whether or not one is an actual listener. It makes an admirable introduction to the point of view of modern psychology, concise and balanced in its survey of methods, vivid and compelling in its account of practical applications. One can hardly imagine any reader coming to the end and not feeling an eager desire to know more of the science.

The booklet is concerned with the broader, more general lines of how the mind works, first in the growing child, and then in the adult. And how the mind *works*, that is to say, how we feel and think, how we desire and achieve and fail, and how these various functions of feeling and desiring and thinking influence each other in the totality of our behaviour. Above all, how the more familiar superficialities of our mental life rests upon and reveals the deeper, less apparent but controlling forces of the unconscious levels. Professor Burt refers first to the various attempts to understand the mind of the child through external signs, facial expression, physique, glandular make-up and so on, which some people imagine to be more 'scientific' than psychology proper. He shows that in fact it is easier, safer and more accurate to investigate the mind directly by means, for example, of psychological tests, or by watching the child's spontaneous play and social relations. In his description of 'The Psychologist and his Clinic', Professor Burt shows us once again, as he showed us in *The Young Delinquent*, how a strict and dispassionate scientific method can be yoked with a humane and intimate feeling for personal issues to serve the needs of individual children. A striking passage is that in which he points out that most parents think of only two ways (and they the least successful) of dealing with difficult children, *viz.*, the power of punishment and the efficacy of talk. In fact a host of positive constructive measures are open to those who first gain some understanding of the actual needs of the child himself. The two major lines of treatment are the constructive alteration of the environment, or, in cases where the psychological difficulty goes so deep that mere change of environment will not reach it, the direct approach to the child's internal problem by psycho-analytic treatment.

The second half of the booklet offers a clear and most persuasive account of the psycho-analytic standpoint, with illustrative evidence for the reality of the unconscious and some

of its many manifestations. The publication of this admirable booklet, and the talks themselves, make an important advance in the opportunities given to ordinary men and women to obtain first-hand and reliable information about the scientific study of human nature, and its practical values.

SUSAN ISAACS

Our Debt to the Past. By Edwyn Bevan. B.B.C. 4d.*

THIS BOOKLET contains synopses of the talks which are being given on Mondays at 7.30 p.m. during the present autumn by Professor Cornford, Mr. Last, Mr. Loewe, Mr. Bentwich, Professor Baynes and Miss Eileen Power; and also an introductory essay by Dr. Edwyn Bevan, who has long been well known, not only as a leading authority on the Greek world during the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Christ, but also as a most attractive writer on this and other subjects.

Dr. Bevan opens with a most interesting analogy. Imagine yourself the actor of a small part occurring in the middle of, say, a Shakespeare play. As such you are concerned with two pasts and two futures. There is your personal and private past and future, before and after your brief appearance behind the footlights. There is also the past as represented by the preceding acts of the play, which condition your part in it, and the future as represented by the later acts of the play, the course of which may have been influenced, however slightly, by your action in it. For the play, substitute this terrestrial world in which each of us plays his brief 'part'. We have our personal pasts and futures, before birth and after death. What of them? Plato and Wordsworth speculated on our pre-natal past. All religions have views about our future after death. But there is also the past of the world into which we are born, and its future after we die. The former is history, and the latter is a favourite subject with Mr. H. G. Wells and others.

Coming to grips with his subject, Dr. Bevan finds the chief contributions of Greece to have been rationalism and patriotism, and he has much that is interesting to say on the fundamental elements in both. He then surveys our debt to Rome and to Israel, and concludes with some pungent criticism of the modern tendency to exalt the East as more 'spiritual' than the Western world. The pictures are, as pictures so often are not, really illustrations; they emphasise and illustrate their text. For example, the contrasted pictures of a Greek and an Egyptian god show exactly what Dr. Bevan means by rationalism in art.

D. C. SOMERVELL

* Post free 6d. and 5d. respectively.

*The Doctor and the Public—III**Mind and Matter*

By A PHYSICIAN

LAST week, you may remember, I had some hard things to say about what I called modern magic. I dare say some of you suspected that I did not tell the whole truth about it. I can fancy you are saying that there must have been something even in such a piece of quackery as Perkins' tractors for so many people to believe in them, even for a short time. Of course, this is not a very sound argument, but it is quite a natural one. As I said last week, in the Middle Ages people believed that malaria could be cured by saying 'abracadabra', but they were quite wrong all the same.

As a matter of fact, there is a germ of truth in your suspicion that there is something to be explained in these apparent cures, however crazy the remedy. Magic did and still does work cures of a kind, of the kind we call 'faith cures'. You all know what I mean by this. A faith cure is a cure worked by some remedy because you happen to believe in it, and for no other reason. It is a cure worked through the mind, or the imagination, if you prefer the word. 'But surely', you will say, 'a cure of this sort could only work with an imaginary illness: it could not do much for a broken leg, or an attack of chicken pox'. You are right. I have no reason to think that a broken leg can be mended by an act of faith, and in my experience the strongest magic ever invented cannot take a single spot from the face of the baby with chicken-pox.

Crippled by the Mind

But this question of 'imaginary illness', so-called, is far more complicated than you would suppose. You often hear people talking in a joking way of 'the influence of mind over matter', and there are lots of common expressions that convey the fact—familiar to you all—that ideas, or emotions, do sometimes have astonishing effects upon your bodily machinery and the way it works. We talk of somebody being 'sick with terror' or 'trembling with anger', and so on. Here is a very typical example of this influence of mind over matter. Imagine an excited child running along the street as fast as she can go, when she stumbles and falls down, knocking her knee or hip. Now, she does herself no real damage, nothing is broken or put out of place. But when she is picked up it hurts so much to move her leg that she keeps it stiff and limps along on her mother's arm. Now, if she is a certain kind of child she may easily get the idea that she cannot move the leg—and the idea may last (especially if too much fuss is made of the incident) so that for days, weeks, even months or years, she continues to limp with a stick or with crutches. If you try to move the leg for her, she will cry out just as she did when she fell down; she is sure it will hurt, and therefore she does not move it. A simple fright and a few minutes' pain have caused what looks like a permanent bodily injury.

But this is not always the way these things happen. The mind may cause an apparently physical illness because such an illness serves some purpose. I recall a young woman whose hands suddenly became paralysed in this way. She was studying for a music examination, and had been practising hard on the piano. She was a nervous girl, and dreaded the examination and was afraid of failing. About three days before the examination she suddenly felt her fingers growing weak on the keyboard, and in a few minutes her hands flopped just like a pair of empty gloves. Her parents were dreadfully upset and put it down to over-work. But, of course, we know that over-work doesn't have these dramatic consequences. In fact, I suppose there are few forms of vice that it is safer to indulge in than over-work. However, after five days the hands got better as suddenly as they had become useless, and this made the illness still stranger, until it was remembered that the examination had finished the day before the cure.

Now, don't jump to the conclusion that this poor girl had been doing what is called 'swinging it' or 'putting it on'. She was perfectly convinced that her hands wouldn't work. But she had been fearing that examination, was ready to grasp at any decent excuse for dodging it, and her mind had found the way out for her, though of how it had done so she had been wholly unconscious.

These simple stories illustrate a sort of illness of the mind that the doctor is continually coming across, a sort that is the everyday business of the doctor who deals with what are called nervous troubles. There is far more of it in our midst than you would suspect—in children and grown-ups, in men and in women. It takes on a hundred and one complicated forms: it mimics every known kind of illness, and sometimes the doctor is hard put to it to know where exactly he stands in such a case. The sufferer himself, of course, is always convinced that there is something radically amiss with his machinery, and is the last to realise that

his real trouble is in the behaviour of his mind and not in his body at all. Now if, when we are perfectly well in health, the mind can play tricks like this on us, how much more are we at its mercy when we are really ill? And this is why when two people have exactly the same illness, you may find one of them apparently so much worse than the other. You all know the invalid who seems to lose his morale when he falls ill—who complains so bitterly, is sorry for himself and so very hard to please.

Limits of Faith Cures

What has all this to do with faith cures? You will see the connection quite easily. It is this. If the influence of your mind on your body can make an illness, it can also cure it—'A hair of the dog that bit you', as the proverb says. But, of course—and this is very important—it can only cure the sort of illness that the mind can make. It cannot stop microbes from attacking you; it cannot mend the damaged valves of your heart. Of course it can give you courage to make the best of things and the will to get well, and these are valuable assets in your fight against illness, but it cannot mend the damage in the machine. Now we have seen that a good deal of what looks like damage to the machine—that is, like physical illness—is really only wrong use by the mind of a perfectly good machine. This is the kind of illness, and I believe the only kind, that can be cured by faith.

Since this is just as much in need of cure as real bodily illness, why should I seem to criticise the faith cure, even when it smells of magic and depends upon deceiving the patient? The answer is that a faith cure in the right place is quite free from objection, but it must be in the right place, and this means that it must be applied by somebody who knows what is actually the matter. In other words, it is what I called last week the expert's job.

It may seem, from what I have said, that the influence of the mind over the body is generally a bad one. It certainly is when it puts the machine out of gear. Fortunately, this is not always how it works. Those of you who served on any front during the War learned how the mind can drive the sick and weary body and sustain it through perils and ordeals that, looked at in cold blood, seem almost unendurable. In your everyday life, also, you meet courageous souls whose fortitude in suffering and perseverance in the face of bad health show how magnificently the mind may master the body.

Keeping Our Emotions in their Place

This brings us to the question of how we are to guard ourselves against these psychological illnesses that look so very much like bodily illnesses. In his first talk of this series, Sir Thomas Horder spoke of the importance of discipline as a means of keeping fit. It is the discipline of the mind that is our protection against the type of illness I have been describing. This means keeping our emotions in their place, which is not in command of the ship, but under the control of our reason. It means courage in the face of difficulties, especially those of our own making. There are some people who seem instinctively to take refuge in illness from their troubles. The young woman with the paralysed hands was a case in point, but less dramatic instances of the same kind are familiar to you all. There is the uncontrolled individual, boasting of what she calls an 'artistic temperament' (and what a multitude of sins this covers!), who is always threatening to have a 'nerve storm' when things do not go just the way she likes. We must not allow our feelings to run away with us—even in grief, moderation of display is necessary, just as when we are frightened it is recognised to be best to keep calm. It is a habit of letting our emotions run riot that makes us liable to the illnesses of the mind. There seems to be a widespread impression that we should allow our emotions full play. This is called 'self-expression'. The old-fashioned virtue of self-command has been given the ugly name of 'repression', and, if you exercise it, you are said to lead a 'thwarted life'. Words are wonderful things: they can make the worst seem the best, and the best look ridiculous. The fact remains that this kind of 'self-expression' is at the bottom of most of the psychological illness we have been talking about, and it promises to make the doctors very busy in the future, as busy as it makes the Divorce Court.

You will notice that I have used the term 'psychological illness' in contrast to physical illness. Everyone is interested in psychology now—it is the stock-in-trade of most novelists (and such psychology too!), but I think that if you want some really sound psychology to guide you, you will find it in a very old-fashioned book in which it is much better done than we do it now. It is written in simple and beautiful English, and it is full of practical wisdom. The author's name is King Solomon; it is called the Book of Proverbs, and you will find it in the Old Testament.

What Does Ireland Want?

Part of a Discussion between GODFREY LIAS and HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON: I think the best jumping-off ground in considering the Anglo-Irish question is to take Mr. Thomas' speech at Newport and to work backwards. But first I suggest for the general historical background Mr. R. H. Gretton's *A Modern History of the English People, 1910-1922*, and *The Free State Parliamentary Companion, 1932*, the introduction to which gives the history of Ireland from 1916 till the present year.

GODFREY LIAS: That gives the general background. What about the particular background? What exact passages did you mean in the speech by the Dominions Secretary?

H. R. W.: This: 'Although we meet to discuss the present financial difficulties, the British Government's representatives will be bound always to keep in mind that behind these financial questions, important as they are, and indeed bound up with them, are still wider issues'.

G. L.: Which means, I take it, that though the Land Annuities are being discussed, the real crux of the question is the Oath of Allegiance to King George.

H. R. W.: Exactly; and with the Land Annuities must be considered the present economic war.

G. L.: I take it that when Mr. McNeill, the Governor-General, 'relinquished' his office, that had something to do with the Oath question?

H. R. W.: Yes, definitely, although it should be realised that though quite constitutional in fact, if not in theory, the episode appears to be a step on the road to the separation of the Free State from the Commonwealth.

G. L.: Since the Land Annuities are technically the point in dispute, let us take them first. What are they exactly?

H. R. W.: The matter started at the end of last century. Between 1891 and 1909 the British Government guaranteed various loans raised here and in Ireland to enable Irish farmers to buy their holdings. The landlords were paid in full then and there, mostly by the issue of bonds. The farmers repaid the British Government by instalments called Annuities, a sort of hire-purchase. And the bondholders received their interest from these payments guaranteed by the British Government. That's the matter in brief.

G. L.: Didn't the creation of the Free State make any difference?

H. R. W.: Mr. de Valera's party—the Fianna Fail—says it did make all the difference, but the British Government and Mr. Cosgrave's party say it didn't.

G. L.: Surely there's some documentary evidence that can be referred to?

H. R. W.: Yes. You will find it in *The Free State Parliamentary Companion* I have already mentioned; it is the first paragraph of the document called the 'Ultimate Financial Settlement between the British Government and the Government of the Irish Free State', and it says: 'The Government of the Irish Free State undertake to pay to the British Government at agreed intervals the full amount of the Annuities accruing due from time to time under the Irish Land Acts, 1891-1909 without any deduction whatsoever'. Mr. de Valera's case is simply a refusal to recognise the document on the ground that it is not a treaty, and that it has not been ratified. A mere agreement, he says, has no standing in international law.

G. L.: I thought there was another agreement of 1923?

H. R. W.: Yes, that's a bone of contention, but as it hasn't been published, it's rather difficult to talk about.

G. L.: Meanwhile, I understand the Fianna Fail Government insists that the farmers shall continue to pay their money?

H. R. W.: Yes, that's still being collected and held in what is called a Suspense Account.

G. L.: You mean held in trust on deposit until the question is settled? I suppose that the reason for Mr. de Valera's making the new advance is really due in large part to the plight of the Irish farmers as a result of the duties. I was looking at the figures the other day and they seemed absolutely devastating.

H. R. W.: They are. I have brought the August trade statistics with me. They cover the six weeks after July 15.

G. L.: That's the day the tariff against Irish goods came into operation?

H. R. W.: Yes, because they wouldn't pay the Annuities. Since then 15,000 cattle (in round figures) were imported as against 76,000 for the corresponding six weeks of the previous year. Nearly an 80 per cent. drop. The Free State's adverse trade balance for August was over a million pounds more than for August, 1931.

G. L.: One can quite realise why Irish farmers are uneasy.

H. R. W.: Rather. And here's one more comparison—the export figures for the week immediately after the duties came into force, compared with the corresponding week in 1931. In round figures again: Cattle, 1,000 as against 13,000; sheep, 13,000 as against 24,000; and pigs, 400 as against 5,000.

G. L.: A pretty big drop certainly, but surely the Free State Government has done something about it?

H. R. W.: Yes, there are the export bounties which were announced the other day. The 12½ per cent. export bounty is better than nothing.

G. L.: Meaning by export bounty, for every £100 the farmer exports, he gets £12 10s. from the Irish Government?

H. R. W.: Yes, but as there is a 20 per cent. duty against them in England, the farmers still lose on the balance to the tune of £7 10s. on every £100.

G. L.: So you would say that Mr. de Valera's willingness to negotiate is not uninfluenced by the plight of the farmers?

H. R. W.: I should risk that as a guess! On the political side, too, I shouldn't be surprised if the growth of Mr. O'Higgins' 'White Army' entered into calculations—among other things, of course. In money about £5 million is at stake. The Annuities themselves are about £3 million. Other payments consist chiefly of pensions, judicial, civil and Royal Irish Constabulary.

G. L.: You mentioned the reason the Fianna Fail gives for repudiating the Financial Settlement—that it isn't a treaty, and therefore a matter merely of domestic adjustment—but you didn't put the point of view of Mr. Cosgrave's party.

H. R. W.: Sorry. That was an oversight. Mr. Cosgrave's point is quite simple. He says that the Annuities represent money due to private owners; that they are in no sense 'revenue' from one country to the other; and that payment therefore is not affected by constitutional changes. Both sides have produced six eminent lawyers to support their cases.

G. L.: It certainly seems to me a question for experts. Like the question of the Oath.

H. R. W.: Yes, that's a thorny question—and, as you said, the crux of the whole matter. Briefly, the pith of it is this: the Senate postponed the question of the abolition of the Oath for eighteen months. It seems that the Senate will be dissolved at the first opportunity. The post of Governor-General has not been filled and may, possibly, not be filled; and presumably the issue at the next election will be simply separatism. Both English and Irish observers agree on this. Meanwhile, I suggest that the Oath itself—which is Article 17 of the Constitution—is worth study, because the terms are different from that of any other Dominion. The form of the Oath is that the member swears 'true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established', and promises that he will be faithful to the King 'in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations'. All the other Dominions as well as the British House of Commons swear fidelity and allegiance directly to the King.

G. L.: But is the Oath necessarily bound up with the question of separation? The Oath, you say, is a part of the Constitution? In that case couldn't the Oath be abolished by merely amending the Constitution, which is a purely domestic affair?

H. R. W.: That is Mr. de Valera's point. All through he has insisted that, at least since the Statute of Westminster passed at the end of last year, any Dominion can secede if it wants to. It is a matter for the Dominion to decide for itself, not a matter to be adjusted between the Dominions and this country. General Hertzog has openly claimed the right of secession on behalf of South Africa. And Great Britain has neither officially admitted it, nor officially denied it.

G. L.: It seemed to me when I was over in Ireland this spring that, if the right of secession were admitted, no one would really want to take advantage of it in Ireland.

H. R. W.: I agree. I should think that the past few months of economic war will have changed many opinions in Ireland, though there are still, of course, the Irreconcilables; for instance, the Irish Republican Army. Behind everything stands this organisation, which, as one of its leaders announced at Easter, refuses to go out of existence until the Anglo-Irish treaty has gone, lock, stock and barrel.

G. L.: But I thought that all the parties in Ireland stood together in antagonism to the Oath? Surely, the parties of Mr. Cosgrave, Mr. de Valera and the I.R.A. are all against the retention of the Oath?

H. R. W.: They were once, of course. The last ten years or so have seen the gradual splitting up of the united front. First, Mr. Cosgrave's party broke away and signed the 1921 Treaty; then in 1925 Fianna Fail separated from the extremists. To-day I should say that any dislike which the Cosgrave-section has to the Oath is passive and practically negative; and that, with the Fianna Fail, it is a matter of principle rather than of active desire. However, the election, if it is fought on separatism, should be interesting.

*Our Neighbours—III**America as a World Power*

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

THERE was one result of the Great War which almost everybody was enabled to foresee—the much increased power of the United States in world affairs. This was a development which nothing could have prevented. Whether neutral or belligerent, as we can all understand, the United States, with its great population and resources, was certain to stand out as the strongest single Power; and, if we think back to 1919, the year of the Treaties, we can recall the unanimity with which, in England at all events, it was assumed that America must be not only prominent in the work of making peace, but also a leading member of the League of Nations or of whatever international body the Powers should decide to set up for preserving peace in a stricken and war-weary world.

But this is 1932, twelve years after the creation of the League at Geneva. The United States is not a member. Since Woodrow Wilson—that inspiring and tragic figure—no American President has been seen in Europe, nor has any Secretary of State from Washington (the opposite number to our Foreign Secretary) occupied a seat at any full gathering of the nations. At conferences called to deal with the economic burdens of Europe—German reparations and what not—American statesmen and financiers have been present. In conferences for the reduction of armaments, naval and other, the United States has taken its full part; twice at least America has started the whole thing and taken action of decisive importance. But the U.S.A. has not, since the Treaty of Versailles, been a member of the family of great nations. From all matters affecting the European Powers as such it has kept away. The American President does at times appoint envoys to conferences at Geneva or elsewhere; but no representative of his Government sits at the table of the League of Nations or meets the British Prime Minister, the German Chancellor, or the French Premier to talk with them on the basis of full and equal membership of a league of governments.

Why is this? How has it come about? Was it necessary that the United States, just when its leading position had been attained, should be an observer, and a very critical observer, of European governments and their policies, instead of being directly active in all world affairs? I will try to give a brief answer to these questions, and in doing so I will not dwell more than is necessary upon the past or trouble you with details as to the history of American foreign policy. But I must ask you to go back for one moment to our friend George Washington.

What Washington Said in 1796—

America's first President wields the greatest authority over the American mind. What did Washington say? is a question that any American politician will ask, knowing it for a weapon damaging to his opponent. Now it happens that the main principles of American foreign policy were laid down by Washington 136 years ago, in a document which every American citizen is supposed to know. This is the message in which Washington bade farewell to the American people when he retired from the Presidency. It is a remarkable document, a fine example of official style and breathing a noble spirit. In America it is revered much more than it is studied. Indeed, I find that the majority of Americans do not know exactly what it was that the father of their country said on that crucial occasion. And I am quite clear upon one point—namely, that Woodrow Wilson in 1919, when he was toiling to get the United States into the League of Nations, was beaten by something that George Washington actually did not say in 1796.

This farewell address to the American people is a splendid State paper. In writing it Washington had the help of Alexander Hamilton, and from the hands of these two masters it came out as an impressive manifesto for the new Republic. Unfortunately the document itself is seldom rightly quoted in political controversy; but one passage is endlessly referred to, and with a curious inaccuracy. Washington did not make use of the phrase 'entangling alliances with none', which has been repeated thousands of times by American newspapers and politicians since the days of the peace treaties. Those words are Jefferson's. They were spoken in 1801, and they have had an immense and continuous influence in the history of the United States. Washington's plain warning was against certain dangers to the infant Republic which seemed to him serious, such as interweaving the destiny of the U.S. 'with that of any part of Europe'. He urged his fellow countrymen to guard themselves against permanent antipathies towards particular nations (he meant Britain) or 'passionate attachments for others' (he meant France). America, Washington insisted, should be diligent in extending its commercial relations with other countries, while having with them 'as little political connection as possible'. That was the great rule. In any case, the tradition of detachment, of isolation

from the Old World, was established in George Washington's day, and it became the strongest influence in the shaping of America's foreign policy. Now note the second stage.

There was a second war with England in 1812, which dragged on until after Waterloo. You have not even heard of that, I think? No, it is hardly mentioned in the English school-books; but all American children are told about it, and they generally have it wrong. We British ought not to overlook it, for it was this war which revived the popular resentment against England, and started those suspicions of the British Navy which have survived to plague our Governments whenever they talk about cutting down navies by agreement. And yet even thus early relations with England were getting better. In 1818, three years after the peace, there occurred an event for which our kinsmen in Canada have never ceased to be grateful. All vessels of war were removed from the Great Lakes, and then the whole long frontier line between Canada and the States was left without forts and soldiers—a model for all land boundaries between nations.

—and What Monroe Said in 1823

One more outstanding historical landmark. Not all English people have heard, even vaguely, about the Monroe Doctrine, but every American knows it, at least by name. This doctrine, or principle, is very important, and its points can be stated in very few words. Shortly after Napoleon's fall the South American countries broke away from Spain and became independent republics. Our then eminent Foreign Secretary, George Canning, proposed in 1823 to President Monroe that Britain and the United States should join hands to secure the freedom of these new countries, and at the same time should agree upon the question of empire in the New World. Done. The President put the principle into a famous Message to Congress, and the Monroe Doctrine has ever since been treated as the corner-stone of American foreign policy. It contains three main points: (1) that no European Power should seek to extend its territory in the Western hemisphere; the U.S. must look upon any attempt to do this as dangerous to its peace and safety; (2) that there should be no interference by the U.S. with any existing European colonies or dependencies; and (3), that in the wars of European nations among themselves the U.S. has never taken any part, 'nor does it comport with its policy' to do so. Note that this understanding was not a treaty. It was a statement of policy, and it is rightly called a doctrine. It stood and was honoured largely by virtue of the British Navy. It has kept the European Powers out of America. It gave shape and authority to the traditional American policy of isolation. We can hardly overstate its influence in moulding American thought and feeling towards Europe. Americans have said during the past century, 'The Monroe Doctrine means that Europe and America are separate and unlike; your Governments keep out of all American countries; we keep out of your wars, disputes, and other troublesome affairs'.

Now, add to this tradition of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe, three important facts, and then I am sure you will understand why the American Government and people should have maintained so steadily the attitude of isolation from Europe. The first is the width of the Atlantic Ocean. The second is the 100-years job of settling and developing a country of 3,000,000 square miles. The third is the racial diversity of the United States of which I spoke last week.

A World Power in Spite of Itself

And yet, in spite of this strong pull towards an isolated position, the United States could not have refused to become a great World Power. It has an immense coastline on two oceans. It is obviously destined to be more and more a dominant influence in the Pacific, and is deeply concerned in all policies which affect Japan and China. And ever since the middle of the nineteenth century its responsibilities overseas have been extending. The United States annexed the Philippine Islands after the war with Spain in 1898, and will soon be called upon to face directly the demand of the Filipinos for independence. Another result of the Spanish War was the responsibility for Cuba and Porto Rico, and with the making of the Panama Canal there came a great addition to the power of the United States in Central America.

All such developments led the American people to realise that, whether they wished it or not, their country must take its full share in world affairs. And thirty years ago, with that vigorous President Theodore Roosevelt in charge of the Government, the United States was active all round. Rooseveltian America was anything but detached. But it is important to notice that all this did not mean that the Republic was drawing

nearer to Europe. The movement, indeed, was markedly the other way; the United States was becoming more and more a Western and Far Eastern Power. And hence no one who knew America could be surprised that the vast majority of the American people should feel very strongly that the Great War in the Old World was not their concern. Their coming into it in 1917 altered the future of Europe; and it was realised by the whole world that the presence of the American President at the Peace Conference gave to the task of treaty-making something that could not otherwise have been there. Without President Wilson at Paris in 1919 there would probably have been no League of Nations created then; and it is not difficult to argue that if the American President had been not Wilson but another, the United States might have been a member of the League from the beginning. That question we need not raise; but there are three great connected questions of Europe and America which are continually before us and about which it is imperative that our minds should be clear.

The League, Disarmament, War Debts

The first is that of the League of Nations. The people of this country have found it hard to realise that the question of America's entering the League was settled by the election of 1920, which marked the end of Wilsonism. Since then three Presidents have accepted the verdict. Party conflict decided the issue in the first place, while large sections of the American public were violently hostile to the Treaty of Versailles. It would, I think, be accurate to say that, after the experience of twelve years, America in general regards the League as mainly an organisation for Europe, and does not contemplate the possibility of the United States becoming a member nation. But we should not forget that the United States has all along been actively co-operating in the whole of the League's non-political work, and that its invaluable Health departments have to a large extent depended upon American generosity.

The second question is that of disarmament. In 1921 the American Government took the lead in this matter by convening the Washington Conference. It was the first conference of the Powers to deal with the reduction of navies; and its procedure and results were very notable in checking the rivalry in naval building which then threatened the world. Its work was extended at the London Conference of 1930, and the latest effort in this field was made by President Hoover this last summer, when he sent to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva his proposal for a downright cut of one-third in expenditure on armaments. Here, as it seems to me, are the chief points of this very troublesome business. The United States is secure and feels itself secure, although in the West there is a widespread fear of war from the Far East. But, says the average American, the European Powers are not disarming, Japan is imperialistic, and the United States cannot accept an inferior position on the seas. The Big Navy party is always vocal, and, in spite of President Hoover's outspoken opposition, it would be making headway now if the American public were not so painfully struggling against the trade depression and aware of an enormous deficit in the national budget. As a matter of fact, there is a strong public sentiment for general disarmament in the United States. It could be mobilised by the President most effectively, if the Powers of Europe were to sink their worst differences and show themselves ready for that positive and drastic action which the whole world would welcome with acclaim.

This leads me to the third thing—the baffling problem of the war debts. It has been with us now for over a dozen years. It affects in all twenty-three nations, and one has, unhappily, to say that the question is just as vexatious to-day as it was when the settlement between Britain and the United States was made more than nine years ago. In June last year, you will remember, President Hoover declared a moratorium for twelve months because of the acute financial distress of Germany. The payments are again becoming due. What is to happen?

Let me try to put the two sides, as the average person feels them, into the simplest words.

The Briton says: 'You Americans came late into the War. It then became the common cause. America made money out of the colossal supplies of munitions and food to the Allies.

The bulk of the money advanced by America was spent in the United States, while loans to our continental Allies had to be guaranteed by Britain. Would it not be fairer to treat the liabilities, not as debts to be repaid, but mainly as costs of the War in which we were all engaged? And further, you wiped off almost the whole of the French and Italian debts. Is it just that Britain, the only country to pay on any scale worth mentioning, should be expected to keep up the annual payments on the scale of 1923? Reparations are finished; do you not see how the drag of the war debts is playing its part in preventing a revival of trade and confidence?

And the American says: 'In stating your case so, you leave out the factors that count most with our people. The profits made in wartime cannot be brought into this sum; they were turned into losses long ago. America went into the War unconditionally, asking nothing for herself. You will admit that she got less than nothing in the end. But here are the two main American points. (1) The agreement of 1923 was an equal bargain, made in the belief that it was vital for Britain to settle; and (2) the wartime loans were all raised from among the American people, on the faith of their Government. If the debts are cancelled, the American Government must compensate all the holders of the bonds'. And there is something else. The American, if he is candid, goes on: 'We had no wish at all to penalise Britain. We know how you played up in the War and paid up. Those of our people who understood the business didn't think of 1923 as final. But you remember what happened. Uncle Sam became Uncle Shylock in your newspapers and on your comic stage. And, I ask you, was that calculated to help towards a fresh agreement?'

After the Election?

Now you will have noticed that both President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt have declared against the wiping out of the debts. That was to be expected; they are fighting one another in a confused election for possession of the greatest of all elective offices, and we must recognise that what they say at present on controversial matters is forced upon them by the conditions of the campaign.

The situation will change, and probably change rapidly, after the November election. There will be no illusions surviving in America as to the conditions existing in Europe this winter. Everybody is aware of the final closing of the reparations account, and we may take it, I think, that the American business public will be quite ready to acknowledge that the question of debt

repayment, difficult enough between nations when times are normal and trade is good, takes on a special character when the creditor nation is a great commercial country struggling through conditions such as those of to-day. Think of those conditions: the big industries almost at a standstill; and the American export trade in alarming decline, while the enormous powers of production in the United States demand the reopening of foreign markets and a continual expansion of overseas trade.

But we should be careful not to overlook one aspect of the question which, as regards public opinion in America, is perhaps more important than any other in its immediate bearing. The American people have the good fortune to inhabit a continental territory almost as large as Europe, with a single national language, and a system of inter-state free trade. They do not understand Europe with its two dozen nations, its scores of languages, its long tale of warring races. I do not think we can complain because the Americans cannot understand, or grumble because they are apt to display less sympathy with Europe than the sympathy we can feel without making an effort. But here is the particular point I am asking you to bear in mind. Senator Borah and many other public men have for many years been ramming in the argument that the European Governments would have found no difficulty in paying their debts to America if they had only had the common sense to cut down their armaments. This does not happen to be true, for debts between countries cannot be paid without imports and exports, and the United States has been more and more determined not to let European goods come in. But the other side of the argument contains a truth we have to accept. If the Powers had been able to come to an agreement, and had set about the downright all-round cut in which our statesmen nearly all profess to believe, American opinion on the debts would have reversed itself. The cause of all-round revision would have flourished.

The Threshold

*For ever in the wakeless blue
The round world hurrieth on;
Yet momentarily it moveth through
A space it oft hath known:
And in that space a dead man's face
Listens—and is gone.*

*Yea! every moment from the grave
One standeth up in space,
And feels the thin air's lessening wave
Falter across his face:
Here with a blind, one-thoughted mind
He keeps his lonely place.*

*Thus round the circuit of the earth
The dead in silence stand
To snatch the infant cry of birth
With greedy, groping hand:
And with this breath one comes from death
Back to his native land.*

WILLIAM SOUTAR

*The Listener's Music**'Musicians' Music'*

IT had been my intention to continue discussing the subject of my last article, 'Listener's Progress', by meeting the challenge of a correspondent who demands (a) a rough draft of a questionnaire for the enquiry I suggested, and (b) a revelation, on the lines of Dr. Ernest Walker's, of my own progress as a listener. I have received also several letters giving the writers' history as listeners. There may be more on the way—I hope there are, and that they will come in good time for consideration in my next article. This week Bach's 'Art of Fugue' must be the topic, because it has bearing on this question of progress in listening. I shall say nothing about the merits of the performance, beyond expressing a hope that hosts of wireless listeners seized the opportunity of hearing the first performance in this country (and the third or fourth, I think, in the whole world) of a work that is not only a great piece of music, but also one of the most astounding of intellectual achievements. Those of us who have for many years known it almost as intimately as the 'Forty-eight' are naturally in the dark as to its effect on those whose acquaintance with it began on October 3. Some information from the correspondence department of the B.B.C. would be intensely interesting and instructive, even when due allowance is made for the fact that the listeners most given to expressing their views through the post are the disgruntled sort, just as in the ordinary affairs of life we are apt to take our blessings for granted and more ready to grumble than to say 'thank you'.

Inevitably the performance evoked references to 'musicians' music', and I take that expression for my text this week. Bach has long been called the 'musicians' composer', but if the term connotes a composer whose appeal is to trained musicians only, recent experience has proved it to be false. For we can hardly stick so exclusive a label on to a composer whose drawing powers are now second to none—at all events so far as London is concerned. If we turn to an analogous literary label, 'the poets' poet' (applied by Lamb to Spenser) we see a fundamental difference. Bach has been called the 'musicians' composer' because of his frequent abstruseness and his consummate technical mastery; but Spenser is the 'poets' poet' by reason of the musical quality of his verse. This virtue being one of sound—for poetry must be read aloud if it is to make its full effect—we ought to find his musical prototype, the 'musicians' composer', in Chopin, whom Liszt called 'the most poetic of musicians'. Yet we have seen that, amongst great composers, Chopin makes an unusually ready appeal to the uninitiated listener. And here, by the way, is a point worth the attention of amateurs who underrate the importance of form (often, indeed, confusing it with mere formalism): the charm and emotional appeal of Chopin are backed by (indeed, largely due to) perfect construction and finish of detail. (Exceptions on the constructional side are his few large-scale works, which are notable for their musical rather than their formal qualities, Chopin being primarily a lyric composer.) As Sir Henry Hadow says, 'No composer in the whole history of music has laboured with a more earnest anxiety at accuracy of outline and artistic symmetry of detail . . . every effect is studied with deliberate purpose and wrought to the highest degree of finish that it can bear'. And Sir Henry goes on to show that 'untiring diligence' plays an equal part with delicacy of taste in Chopin's success. Both as player and composer Chopin, we know, learnt much from Bach; perhaps we have underestimated the influence of the older man in the matter of 'untiring diligence'.

Critical opinion has almost unanimously reversed the view, long held, that the 'Art of Fugue' is a purely academic exercise, almost devoid of aesthetic appeal. The 'academic' valuation was a natural result of the work having been studied on paper rather than heard. When all is said as to the importance of mental score-reading, the fact remains that the ear is the only reliable test. This applies, indeed, to many quite simple forms of music. For example, every choral trainer of experience knows that the beauty of effect, and even the practicability, of a large proportion of choral works, cannot be estimated mentally or even by trying the music on the piano; so much

depends on such factors as the contrast, balance, and interplay of the voices, and (hardly less) on the interest, variety, colour, and significance imparted by the words, through their vowel shapes and colours, and the percussive effect of the consonants. So the 'Art of Fugue' had to be heard, and, in order that the threads of its texture might be followed, it called for a collection of instruments rather than the piano, whose monochrome failed to make clear the numerous passages wherein the threads crossed.

There can, I think, be few dissentients to the view that, heard to full advantage, as it was on October 3, the 'Art of Fugue' contains many pages as fine and appealing as any Bach ever wrote. (The only complete failures in this respect were the canons; but these are of a type that have always been regarded as curiosities and 'technical stunts', and so do not come into consideration.) The fugue that preceded the interval especially stirred the audience at Queen's Hall to genuine enthusiasm. This fugue, and three or four of the best of the remainder, ought, indeed, to come into the ordinary orchestral repertory, when they will, without doubt, rival in popularity some of the movements in the Concertos.

Such a suggestion (it has been made in several quarters) would have been quixotic a few years ago. Similarly, the all-Bach recitals of Harold Samuel would have seemed a hopeless project ten years before they were given. Samuel showed that what had hitherto been regarded as 'musicians' music', 'works for the studio', 'mathematical abstractions', and so on, were pieces full of attractive qualities. The term 'fugue' was proved to be no longer a 'word of fear, unpleasing to the [amateur] ear'. Can the astonishing progress of thousands of listeners be better exemplified?

Mr. Neville Cardus, of the *Manchester Guardian*, was almost, if not quite, alone amongst the critics in still regarding the 'Art of Fugue' as being of little more than academic interest. He said that there is more imagination in Bach's so-called Air on the G String than in all the 'Art of Fugue'. But was not Mr. Cardus confusing imagination and emotion? The 'Art of Fugue' contains little appeal of the kind generated by the long-drawn lyrical Air; but I find it hard to conceive a listener being unimpressed by the gradual development of Bach's majestic structure from so tiny a germ. One's reactions were similar to those produced by fine architecture; are our cathedrals less imaginative in their conception than the most charming villa ever built? And just as many of us who know little about architecture are responsive to a fine example of the art, so one need not be a trained musician in order to be aware of the greatness of the 'Art of Fugue', although only the musician can appreciate fully its technical marvels.

But that is the way with Bach. No other composer wrote so many works that, avowedly undertaken with an educational or technical aim, or to demonstrate a theory, ended in being fine music as well. Think of the 'Forty-eight', the Inventions, the Trio-Sonatas, the little Clavier pieces, the Anna Magdalena Clavier Book, the shorter of the organ works, and (not least) that most intimate and poetic of compilations, 'The Little Organ Book'. Nominally, all these things should be stigmatised as 'musicians' music'. Perhaps they were, once upon a time; to-day they are among the most prized possessions of all who have ears to hear.

So there is no such thing as 'musicians' music' in the derogatory or exclusive sense of the term. There is just music. And the greatness of a composer is shown by the frequency with which, when working under the most drastic of self-imposed limitations (as Bach was in the 'Art of Fugue'), he cannot help showing his real quality as a poet in sound.

HARVEY GRACE

The tenth season of Robert Mayer Concerts for Children commences on Saturday, October 22, at 11 a.m. at the Central Hall, Westminster. Six other Saturday morning concerts will follow, extending to March 11, 1933. Dr. Malcolm Sargent will be in charge of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and will, as usual, talk about music and the various items in the programmes.

*Analysis of the letters received by the B.B.C. about the broadcast of the 'Art of Fugue' shows that four correspondents out of every five voiced approval—EDITOR

Out of Doors

Is England a Wheat-Growing Country?

By SIR ROWLAND BIFFEN

THE present tragic position of the wheat-growing industry owes its origin, primarily, to the surplus which accumulated in the year 1928. The position has naturally led to a degree of pessimism never equalled even in the height of the depression of the 'nineties of last century, when wheat prices also fell to an incredibly low figure. It has culminated in the question raised here both by farmers and politicians—'Is England a wheat-growing country?'

Most farmers probably have a fairly clear idea of what it costs them to grow an acre of wheat and of what they receive for it. But for general comparative purposes an individual's figures are of little value and an average figure is necessary. The cost of growing an acre varies widely, for it is affected by a number of factors such as the equipment available, the nature of the soil, the sequence of cropping and the weather conditions. Very divergent figures are consequently quoted. The one I am adopting is £8 an acre, this being the average derived from the costing accounts of over a hundred farms in the Eastern Counties. The average crop is 4 quarters or 32 bushels per acre. I use this measure, instead of the official hundredweights, as it helps in the comparison of our English crops with those in the Dominions, where the bushel is still the standard. At the present price of 23s. to 25s. per quarter the return is about £5 an acre. The average loss is thus some £3 an acre. Those who have secured a better crop, or managed to produce one at a cheaper rate, will lose less, whilst those who have not will lose more.

Now let us see what the position is in Canada, the greatest and, in some important respects, the best of the oversea producing countries—and one, moreover, peculiarly dependent on the crop owing to her climatic conditions. Reliable data on the costs of cultivation have recently become available, thanks to the publication by the Canadian Department of Agriculture of the results of an elaborate survey of the cost of every operation on a number of private and experimental farms. Costs again vary very widely, as they do here. The average of them all works out at 15 dollars 35 cents—or in round figures about £3 an acre. For last season (1931) the same report gives the average price received by the grower as 38 cents (1s. 7d.) per bushel. With an average crop of 18 bushels per acre his return was therefore £1 8s. 6d. A comparison of our relative positions is now possible. We receive 5d. for an expenditure of 8d., whilst the Canadian grower has to be content with 4d. for 9d. Has anyone on this side of the Atlantic yet asked, 'Is Canada a wheat-growing country?' Australia and the United States both show a very similar state of affairs, and the same is almost certainly true of the Argentine.

As the present position in England has developed the farmer has been repeatedly advised that he must, somehow or other, cheapen the cost of growing his crops. Those who have been striving to wrench a living out of the land during the last few years, and watched their labour costs fixed for them irrespective of conditions, may wonder how this is to be done. With curious unanimity, too, the advice has been given that they should copy the methods of the successful overseas wheat-growers, especially in the matter of mechanising every possible operation and so, incidentally, adding to the numbers of unemployed. As Canada and the United States have been so frequently held up as examples to be followed, their practices are worth a brief consideration. Power cultivation, especially with the internal combustion engine, developed rapidly in the early part of the century in the States, and as the Canadian wheat area expanded, the American technique was naturally adopted. But the use of the tractor and the combine harvester is by no means universal there. In fact, on the total of a quarter of a million farms it is estimated that there are only some 80,000 tractors or, assuming that they are evenly distributed, two out of three farms still trust to horse labour for ploughing, discing, drilling and, to a considerable extent, for harvesting. As a matter of fact, experience has shown that the tractor cannot be used profitably when the area under wheat is less than 300 acres. But conditions here are very different. Tractors can not only be used more or less throughout the year for a multitude of jobs, but the rapidity with which they get through such tedious work as ploughing is of particular value in a climate characterised on the whole by the uncertainty of the rainfall. We still have to find out more about the minimum area justifying their purchase, but it looks as if the tractor could be profitably used on the majority of farms with 100 acres of arable.

We know still less about the possibilities of using the combine harvester in this country. Its merits are obvious, for by its use the expenses of stooking the crop, carrying and ricking are eliminated. Further, it works with great rapidity, a single machine making a 15-foot cut, being capable of cutting 40 acres in a day and simultaneously threshing and even bagging the crop. For the combine to function at its best, special conditions

are necessary. More particularly the crop should be dead ripe and in a dry condition. In Canada it has been found advisable to split the operations of the combine into two separate parts. The crop is first cut and left in swathes on a long stubble, and after drying-out a mechanical pick-up is employed which feeds the swathes directly into the threshing portion. Thus the costs of twine and of manhandling the stooks and of rick building are done away with.

A few combines are being used in this country mainly by enthusiasts who have had experience with them abroad and who are convinced that large-scale wheat-growing can be made a profitable operation here. Their experiments are being watched with considerable interest. So far they have shown that the combine can handle the heavy crops our English soils produce, and that, moreover, a wet harvest like that of 1931 does not necessarily put them out of action. But the harvesting of a damp crop necessitates the artificial drying of the grain. This has proved practical, but again much has to be learnt as to the safest and most economical method of handling such material. Whatever their value may be to the grower of 1,000 acres of wheat, combines, with their heavy initial costs and their use limited to a few days in the year, are clearly not the machines for the grower whose acreage is measured in tens.

If, then, we cannot adopt to any great extent the methods the overseas growers have found essential, can we hope to compete with them? Our assets as wheat-growers have been lost sight of far too much in this distressful period. They are worth recalling, though it can only be done very briefly. First and foremost, with our cultivations reduced to a minimum, the average production is 32 bushels per acre. In any of the exporting countries this would be looked upon as a great crop, and, if their yields are compared with ours, with good reason. Canada, with the virgin soils we hear so much of, has averaged 17½ bushels over the past twenty-five years, the United States 14½, Australia 12½, the Argentine 11, and Russia possibly 10. Further, our yields are curiously consistent and we can practically count on securing somewhere between 30 and 34 bushels a year, whereas overseas yields often fluctuate so wildly that the profits of two seasons may completely disappear after a bad year. We owe these large crops partly to climatic conditions and partly to our own efforts. Thanks to the two facts that our winters are never sufficiently hard to kill the crop and we rarely, if ever, have droughts sufficiently severe to injure it, we can grow varieties of wheat which occupy the land for nine months or so. Every exporting country, with the exception of parts of the United States, has perforce to grow spring wheats. These rapidly-maturing sorts lack the cropping capacity—even when grown here—of the slow-growing wheats. The meagre yields of overseas producers are thus explained to a great extent.

Perhaps, though, our greatest asset is that we know how to grow wheat. It has been grown here continuously for at least 2,000 years and our system of arable land farming has gradually been built up around it. In early historic times the crop was grown much as it is to-day in most of the exporting countries. Two straw crops were followed by a fallow, then two more and another fallow. The four course or Norfolk rotation with its numerous present-day modifications has completely replaced this system. It tended to reduce the actual area under wheat, but it added to the output by keeping the land clean and keeping up its fertility. These factors are essential if wheat is to be grown for any long period. The virgin land ploughed out of the prairies may crop passably well for a time, but with every crop sold off some of its fertility is exported. 'Wheat-mining', as the overseas system has been appropriately named, tends to bring disaster in its train quickly. Much of the land in the United States from which the deluge of wheat came in the late 'nineties is now sterile and well-nigh derelict, and signs are numerous that the so-called 'inexhaustible fertility' of the Canadian prairie lands is steadily disappearing. Yet another point in our favour is that the overseas grower has to bear the cost of transporting his crops here. It is a serious item. Canada has built up a magnificent distributing system to handle her vast crop cheaply, but even so, every quarter of wheat costs between 11s. 6d. and 12s. to bring from her farms to the docks at Liverpool. With all these advantages, then, can it be seriously contended that, even as things are now, we cannot hold our own with the overseas producers? I think not.

But when these questions of the economics of wheat-growing arise another always comes to my mind. It is: 'Why is our average crop only 32 bushels per acre?' Surely the modern varieties of wheat will stand up to more intensive cultivation than, on the average, they get, and the requisite artificial manures are available at unusually low prices. It is a problem the under-average producer might well face up to!

How to Attract Wild Birds

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

SINCE I was quite a small boy I have always delighted in feeding the birds and in trying to attract as many species as possible to the garden. Years and years ago I used to invent and make my own bird tables, nesting boxes, and feeding devices, and weird and wonderful contraptions many of them were. My present garden is not a very large one, but it is large enough to be regarded as a true paradise by hosts of wild birds. They come to see us every day, because they know that the foods they like best are always there. At one time we had only a few kinds of wild birds. The chaffinches, sparrows, blackbirds, thrushes, robins and tits were always with us, but we never saw any linnets or greenfinches or bullfinches or yellowhammers in the garden.

When one has a bird garden, one gets an immense thrill when a new and hitherto unknown bird arrives, and one day when I was down by the river I saw lots of wild birds which had never visited our garden, and which I badly wanted. Here they were in the trees along the river banks only half a mile away; but how was I to get them to my garden?

At length I hit upon a plan. From one of the trees by the river I hung a glaring white seed hopper filled with hemp seed, which so many birds love, and on the very day it was fixed I saw yellowhammers and greenfinches and linnets feeding from it. I then fixed another glaring white seed hopper, containing the same grain, midway across the field in line with our garden, and a third in the garden itself. And the birds, which in ever-increasing numbers were feeding at the seed hopper by the river, saw the second white seed hopper in the field, and said to themselves: 'Hello, there's another feast over there!' So they flew over to it, and as they fed from it they saw the third hopper in the garden, so off they flew to that. Thus within three days I had numbers of linnets and yellowhammers and other desired species feeding from the bird-tables in my garden, and they have been with us ever since, adding a charming variety to our many wild bird friends.

Outside our breakfast-room window various devices are hung to attract the birds. There is a little feeder containing shelled peanuts and another containing fat. These are for the tits, and nuthatches and great spotted woodpeckers will feed from them if there happen to be any about. Then there are two seed hoppers, one containing hemp seed and the other canary seed. All the finches love the hemp, but the canary seed is softer and appeals more particularly to those with softer beaks. With these feeding devices the birds must feed at the window, and so entertain everyone. There is no 'grab what you may and fly away', and the stronger birds cannot rob the weak ones. Then there is a little bird-house with a sheltering roof, into which we put table scraps for the robins and blackbirds and thrushes, and all those who do not care for seed and cannot feed from the tit feeders. Thus you see we provide for every kind—nuts and fat, seed and table scraps, and at every meal there are numbers of birds feeding at the bird window.

Out in the garden we have two large bird-tables, a bird-bath and several nesting boxes. We change the water in the bird-bath every day, and all the birds drink from it and go in for mixed bathing. A bird-bath is very valuable because thirsty birds peck ripe fruit to quench their thirst. I do not say that they will not take your fruit if there is water for them; but if water is there, the insect-feeding birds, such as the tits, will not form the bad habit of pecking ripe pears, strawberries and plums to quench their thirst. Then the nesting boxes are doubly valuable, because the families of tits and others reared there return every night to roost in them, and good roosting quarters are almost as important as good nesting quarters. People often say, 'there are plenty of bushes and other natural

nesting places in our garden, so there is no need for nesting boxes', but they forget that the natural nesting quarters of the most useful garden birds are in holes in hollow trees and such places, and in these days hollow trees are all cut down, so that if we want to keep the birds we must give them the best substitute for a hollow tree, and that is a well-made weather-proof nesting box. In Holland and other parts of continental Europe professional fruit-growers festoon their trees with nesting boxes, and feeding devices to keep the useful insect-feeding birds permanently resident in their orchards.

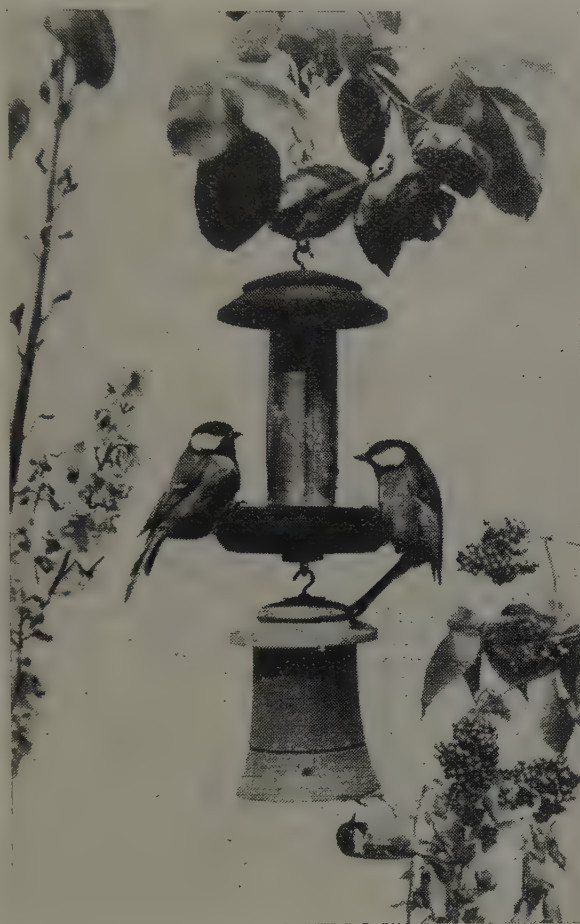
A bird pudding is the most economical food you can give them because no one can fly away with more than his share.

To make it, you get a pudding basin, and into it you crumble stale cake, scones and any dry food of that kind (not jam or cream or sticky stuff). Also you can put in chopped-up peanuts (they love that) or other wholesome nut, and dry figs (for the thrush and blackbird), a handful of hemp or canary seed, or both, or any dry food the birds would generally take. Now melt some fat—roasting fat or ordinary dripping, but preferably hard fat—and pour it over the contents of the basin so as to soak the lot. Allow it to set, place the basin upside down under the hot-water tap, and turn the pudding out. I always have one or more of these bird puddings on my garden bird-tables, and every kind of bird feeds from them, and they last better than anything else.

But in addition to my bird-window and my bird-garden at home, I have a bird-sanctuary away back in the fir forests in the mountains, and overlooking the wide and beautiful valley of one of Scotland's most famous rivers. Here I test out my various feeding devices and nesting boxes, and it is the most wonderful place you could imagine. The woods stretch for miles along the mountain face—deep dark silent woods, with a wild little glen here and there, and blue lochs into which the mountain torrents fall. We have a central cabin with bunks and a cooking stove, where we sometimes stay for weeks on end, alone from dawn till dusk with the birds and their songs. When we lie on the fern banks and look up into the branches of the larch trees we can realise how many birds there are—flocks of cole tits and great tits and long-tailed tits, the tiny goldcrest and the redpoll, whose nest is almost as great a work

of art as that of the chaffinch, the yellowhammer and many others, all of which visit us daily at the cabin, while at night time the cries of the long-eared and tawny owls and the grunting and squeaking of the woodcock fill the air. In winter there are rarer visitors in these woods—rose-tinted crossbills and sometimes the snow-buntings come in great flocks. We do not often stay more than a night or two in winter, and so the cabin is provided with giant seed and nut hoppers to keep the birds provided while we are away.

But to return to the practical and helpful side of feeding the birds, whether your home be in the town or in the country, I would suggest that you give one window, which you can see at meal times, to that purpose. You should provide for all the different species, so remember—fat and nut for the tits, grain (hemp or canary seed) for the finches, and table scraps and a bird pudding for the rest and for everyone. Do not give the birds highly-seasoned or salty food. You will soon find out what they like best, and if you feed them close to the window you will find that the sparrows and starlings are shy, while the weaker birds soon gain confidence. It is best to hang your bird-bath a little distance from the window, otherwise the birds will splash the glass in bathing, and your feeding devices should not hang above the bath, or the husks will be blown into it. Have a little nesting box of some kind near to your window, but be sure it is properly designed, as a wrongly-made nesting box is likely to prove no more than a bird trap.



Great Tits feeding from one of Mr. Mortimer Batten's peanut feeders, while a Cole Tit helps himself from the tit bell hung below

Photograph by the Author

Points from Letters

Science in Schools

Two books which have just come out should be read by the people whose 'grousings' Mr. Hilderic Cousens so admirably summarised in his letter last week. They are *The Reliability of Examinations*, by Professor C. W. Valentine (University of London Press, 7s. 6d.), and *The School Certificate Examination* (H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.). The main point of the first book is that the entrance examinations at our secondary schools and the scholarship examinations at our universities fail in one case out of every five to select those who will profit most by subsequent education in the school or university they are entering. Professor Valentine goes thoroughly into the various causes which make these examinations unreliable, and makes some interesting proposals for remedying them. *The School Certificate Examination* is the report of a panel of investigators, with Dr. Cyril Norwood at their head and the Board of Education at their back, which investigated the eight approved School Certificate examinations held in the summer of last year. They recommend strongly that papers in all subjects should be easier and the standard of marking higher. This is a dig at the pedant, the purveyor of useless knowledge and the examiners with hobby-horses mentioned by Mr. Cousens. They believe that practical work in science in schools has been overdone, and that practical tests in examinations are hardly now necessary. They think that science has been taught far too narrowly. What they strongly recommend is not just chemistry only, or part of physics only, but a general science embracing biology, physics and chemistry. They give a suggested syllabus for this course.

The commonly held view that examinations dominate everything is shown by the investigators to be quite unnecessary. Most of the examining boards will cater for schools who want to teach science in their own way, but very, very few bother to take advantage of this. The privilege costs extra, but the cost is small and the freedom offered is very great. Statistics show that the complaint that most examiners have never taught in schools is without real foundation. A third of those who set the papers have taught in schools, two-thirds of those who pass the papers after they have been set are now teaching or have taught in schools.

I have not space here for the other objections in the letter, some of which, however, require no answer. The report shows that on the whole the School Certificate examination is 'a good show', although one which can be made better. The recommendations in science all make for simplicity in teaching and for rendering matters less irksome for those who have to teach. Science in schools is by its very nature a difficult subject. The more those who teach and those who examine can understand one another and co-operate, the better. Despite faults and muddles on the part of the examiner I do think he is improving, and some day soon his examinations will be the fair, the effective and the stimulating things they should be.

Oxford

A. S. RUSSELL

[Editorial reference to the *School Certificate Examination* report will be found on page 548 of this issue]

Design in Industry

I should like to assure your correspondent, Miss May Morris, that I entirely agree with the principles which she lays down in her letter. No one, surely, disputes about the finer 'personality' of the hand-made over the machine-produced? As we are in accord in this matter, I presume that Miss Morris deplores my not having made the point, in my talk, and I must remind her that my subject was 'manufacture', not 'craftsmanship'. However much we may deplore it, hand-manufacture is to-day incapable of supplying goods in the quantity in which they are required, and so the machine, which can, has stepped in and is here to stay. All the more reason why its output should be worthy and beautiful. If your correspondent will re-read my talk, she will find that I have not suggested any quarrel between hand-work and machine-work. What I did complain of was the silly and fantastically optimistic way in which people try to make the impersonal machine copy things which depend for their beauty on the craftsman's individual character and skill. Miss Morris is really saying just what I said, but in a different way. Clearly she agrees with me, because she has found, herself, that jewellery designed for making by hand becomes pointless or ugly when the machine strips it of fine and subtle personality. But, deplorably enough, much jewellery has to be machine-made, and so it should be designed without reliance on what only the craftsman can give it.

Mr. Alabaster's letter is full of interest—like the older handles to which he refers. These do, indeed, 'give one much to ponder and wonder at'—for instance, the word 'Push' on a handle designed (unless I am much mistaken) to be pulled. The Alabastrine formula is good reading, though complicated.

London, S.W.3

M. L. ANDERSON

Lord Elgin and the Viceroyalty of India

I cannot countenance Professor Coatman's attempt to cover one slip by accusing me (quite erroneously) of making another. He evades the point at issue, just as he evades responsibility for his other mistakes of fact by terming them typographical errors. If he has evidence that Lord Elgin was actively associated with Sir Charles Wood in the preparation of the Indian Councils Bill, well and good; let him produce it. But to justify the passage in his book, even this evidence, if in truth it exists, will not suffice; for he must further show that Lord Elgin exercised so direct and so powerful an influence in bringing about the Indian Councils Act that it was he as Viceroy-designate, not Lord Canning as Viceroy-regnant, who was the real collaborator of the Secretary of State for India. The truth is, of course, that it is Lord Canning, and not Lord Elgin, who must share with Sir Charles Wood the credit for this progressive measure. No one but Professor Coatman doubts this fact, which is not altered by his unsupported conjectures as to the effect of Lord Elgin's presence in England in the spring and summer of 1861.

London, S.W.1

L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS

The Independence of Afghanistan

In the broadcast entitled 'Through the Khyber to Kabul', which you printed in *THE LISTENER* of September 28, Mr. F. G. R. Peterson speaks of the British Residency in Kabul. I, as an Afghan, take strong exception to the term, for one cannot attribute it to the utter ignorance of the broadcaster, as he was the representative of a journal with which one is in a habit of associating a fair degree of precision in the choice of words. Should one be regretfully drawn to the conclusion that Mr. Peterson's appellation is wilful, and deliberately calculated to minimise the unqualified national independence of Afghanistan? In case the matter is not quite clear, may I add that British Residencies are in existence only in countries which are under British occupation or mandate, or where England controls the destinies of a particular people? None of these conditions obtains in the Independent and Sovereign State of Afghanistan. It is the indirect inference which Mr. Peterson makes with regard to Afghanistan which urges me to lodge this protest; for there is more in it than a mere inaccuracy of terms.

Such a step is the more ugly on account of the fact that now very cordial relations exist between Afghanistan and England; and one cannot omit to mention that in the past just this kind of loose thinking has done considerable harm to the Anglo-Afghan friendship, which it has been my one aim to foster; but I must leave it to your own judgment as to whether your journalists help one towards that very desirable purpose. Also, you may imagine what irritation it may cause in the minds of my countrymen, when they may think that the only reward of their hospitality which they can expect from English visitors is that on their safe return home, they will not spare the Afghan Independence, and will always feel unconvinced of the right of the Afghans to lead a free existence like any European Power. There may, too, be another aspect of this behaviour of Mr. Peterson; he is perhaps in possession of some information in virtue of which the British Legations stationed in independent countries, may now in future be styled as British Residencies. If that is the case, then it is news to most of us. I have no personal animus against Mr. Peterson; I am only endeavouring to save any grave complications that might arise in the happy connections of our two countries, which all desire for world peace.

London, S.W.1

IKBAL ALI SHAH

Soviet Russia and Western Democracy

Your correspondent Mr. D. R. Jenkins resents the doubt you suggested, whether Russia, Italy and Spain have immediate lessons to teach the three northern democracies. He urges that Britain became the world's workshop by causes that brought her first into the field as a highly industrialised capitalist country and lost her position mainly because her leaders, maintaining a 'superior aloofness', failed to adopt newer methods of production and new inventions used by those nations who came later into the field. There is doubtless much truth in this. Russia, he says, is now on a path of progress, equipping herself with new ideas and a new economic organisation, and he suggests we should learn from her something about all this, lest we fall behind politically and economically as we did industrially.

It would be interesting to have a short, clear statement of the present Soviet policy in respect of tariffs or free imports; especially because many hold that a main part of the 'superior aloofness' (which is imputed to our leaders of an earlier day) was their refusal to consider the possible reaction on Britain of the well-devised tariffs those other nations applied to foster their nascent industries.

Edinburgh

ANDREW WISHART

Mr. Parker Protests

I feel it my duty, on behalf of the authors who have been good enough to allow me to include their work in my *Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse*, to protest against your reviewer's criticism in THE LISTENER of October 5. He writes: 'About three-quarters of the verse . . . is of the smartly-paced, pseudo-Swinburnian variety . . . that so swiftly tires the ear, and that has the unfortunate quality of making the writer's probably very genuine emotion or sensation appear forced and false'.

Where does your reviewer find 'three-quarters of the verse' that could justify this description? I have gone through the *Anthology* and find that there are altogether about 250 pages of prose and 91 of verse. Of the writers there is only one whose work could possibly be said here and there to resemble Swinburne's and that is Adam Lindsay Gordon. I have included three of his poems, and two of these, 'From the Wreck' and 'How we beat the Favourite', are far removed from the Swinburne manner. The third is 'The Swimmer', which occupies two pages—two out of ninety-one.

Godalming

ERIC PARKER

[We have sent Mr. Parker's letter to our reviewer, who replies: Mr. Parker perhaps does not quite agree with my definition of verse 'of the smartly-paced, pseudo-Swinburnian variety', by which I meant all verse whose main feature was a quick racing beat which, when not handled by a first-class poet, does tend to become monotonous, and thus to render commonplace its contents. And this definition, if not covering three-quarters of the verse included in the anthology (and for using 'about three-quarters' in the general sense of 'a good deal' and not in the precise sense of '75 per cent.', I apologise to Mr. Parker) certainly does cover a great many more poems than he enumerates. Among others it covers, for instance, 'A Spinning Song', 'Euston', 'Fencing', 'The Jubilee Cup', and 'Lorraine Lorraine Lorree'.]

Outlines

Mr. Charles Falkland, in disposing of Outlines in general and of the recently published *Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents* in particular, does not account for their obvious popularity.

May one suggest that for the average individual the choice is not between a 'leisurely banquet of great minds' and an Outline, but between an Outline and fragmentary general knowledge culled from periodicals or newspapers. Mr. Falkland's ideal implies not only leisure, but opportunity for secluded study. For the average worker the first is limited, and dwellers in flats do not find it easy to secure the second. It is conceivable that the Outline in its compact form brings knowledge to people who otherwise would not know where to seek it, and does not preclude the few from further adventure into subjects of special interest.

London, N. 6

NETA THOMLINSON

The Case for International Loans

In listening to Mr. Vernon Bartlett's talk on October 7 I pictured some of his French friends using, in conversation with him, the very arguments against international lending which he has so often used himself against reparations.

It is true that the lack of international lending by centres outside London, plus trade restrictions, has killed reparations far more certainly than any German resistance could have done. It is true also that international lending becomes impossible in a tariff-imprisoned world. Where this leads, the trade figures of the last twenty-four months only too sadly show. It is not less international lending that progress demands; on the contrary it commands more and more international lending and with it less and less trade restrictions.

Radlett

HENRI J. COLINVAUX

Mass Production and Expanding Markets

In an illuminating article on the American depression published in THE LISTENER of October 5, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe commits himself to an expression of opinion on economic theory which, if the statement be understood literally, is a dogmatism definitely invalid. The statement is: 'Mass production on the American scale demands an expanding market outside the country's own borders for its surplus products'.

Taken literally this would mean that if the present determination of all countries and dominions of the world not to be the subjects for an exploiting market persists, mass production must become a curse; whereas mass production is possible to any ultimate scale without exportation provided that it is accompanied by high proletarian wages and very low working hours. If Mr. Ratcliffe means (and only if) not the scale or extent to which mass production has been carried, but the degree to which the capacity thereby to produce has been used, his statement becomes tenable; but the distinction is necessary in face of the false conclusion many readers might draw.

Cambridge

L. STANLEY

Broadcasts on Foreign Affairs

May I be permitted to support Mr. Charles Maughan in his plea for a close adherence to the B.B.C. motto: 'Nation shall speak Peace unto Nation'? The difficulties in arranging for prominent (but not too prominent) men and women of other nations to come to the microphone should not prove too great. The value of the talks in the 'Travellers' series would be greatly enhanced if we could hear the opinions of Germans on Germany, Spaniards on Spain, and so on, in addition to the present arrangement—the only drawback of which is, that the situation is always presented as seen through English eyes.

Whilst speaking upon this matter of foreign countries and international affairs, might I put in an appeal for the B.B.C. to give us an opportunity of hearing more about the smaller and lesser-known countries such as Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Bulgaria, etc.? It is comparatively easy to read information and news about such nations as Germany, France and the U.S.A., but authentic accounts of happenings and trends of affairs in the smaller nations would be most valuable to all students of international affairs and would do much to foster the good will which the B.B.C. is so anxious to promote.

London, S.W. 1

H. C. GILL

Pulpit English

I thank you and the Reverend Thomas Tiplady for the tribute to the effort now being made by the B.B.C. and the Linguaphone Institute in connection with 'pulpit' English.

I would like to answer one inquiry arising out of the exceptional interest created by the experiment. We are being asked to divulge the names of the eight men chosen for the purity of their voices to make these records of readings from the Bible. They would be known to practically all your readers, but we undertook not to disclose their respective identities as it has been felt that in the special circumstances such a course would be unseemly. I know that you and your readers will appreciate these circumstances.

London, W.C. 1

J. ROSTON

Linguaphone Institute

Is there any real reason why the conversational pulpit style, somewhat deplored by a correspondent in your issue of October 5, should not be 'a good thing', or why traces of dialect should necessarily detract from the dignity of public speech? This rigid conception of pulpit English may well be one of the factors tending to alienate the churches from the sympathies of the plain man. Too easily it may contribute to a false sense of unreality, a popular misconception of worship as something detached from the familiar life of everyday. It is a stumbling-block that has never stood in the way of any dynamic spiritual movement. Christ's authority, though He spoke 'not as the scribes', was plain, even to the crowd. Yet His recorded utterances are simple and were quite probably colloquial. If there was a dialect native to the fishers of the Galilean lake, one would not be surprised or dismayed to know that its homely turns of phrase were often on the lips of a Teacher who always took the direct road to the hearts of His hearers.

London, W. 1

WILSON GRIER

Culture and Democracy

I was much interested in your article on 'Culture and Democracy' in THE LISTENER of October 5. There seems to be little or no difference between the education provided by the B.B.C. and the education provided by Oxford and Cambridge, except that the latter is much more detailed. Its value to democracy, if what is meant by that is the wage-workers and salary-workers, is, on the balance, a minus quantity.

What 'democracy' requires is to get rid of a social system under which the cure for unemployment is the policeman's baton, and which decrees that it is the duty of millions of men and women and children to starve in the midst of plenty. In making war upon such a system 'democracy' must make war on a substantial part of the culture or education of that system, as it is one of the main barriers to social change. As long as there is a governing class in this country it will never permit the B.B.C. to be a medium for the spread of 'a new democratic culture'. The only working-class educational organisation in this country that, as far as I am aware, has a conception of education different from the orthodox conception, is not permitted, despite its one-and-a-half million affiliated membership, to have even one representative upon the B.B.C.'s Adult Education Council. I am sorry to sound so brutal, but unemployment and destitution are brutal facts, and orthodox education has a very big share of responsibility for their existence.

London, N.W. 3

J. P. M. MILLAR

National Council of Labour Colleges

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., announce that they will publish immediately in book form the recently concluded series of broadcast talks on 'Christ in the Changing World'. The price will be not more than 1s.

Lowes Dickinson

By E. M. FORSTER

A LITTLE pamphlet has just been published called *The Contribution of Ancient Greece to Modern Life**. It is by Lowes Dickinson, who died two months ago, and I am going to make it an excuse for saying something about his work as a whole. It is a legitimate excuse, because he was to have broadcast to you this autumn on this very subject. He would have told you, in that quiet persuasive voice of his, that the so-called dead civilisations are anything but dead, and that Greece in particular still has valuable things to say to us, even though we go about in aeroplanes and talk, as I am talking to you now, across miles of emptiness and darkness. We know much more than the Greeks, and we can press more buttons and levers. Whether we are wiser than they, Dickinson was inclined to doubt. For one thing, he found them more open-minded than we are. They wanted the truth, even if it was unfamiliar and uncomfortable, they were better tempered and more honest in discussion, and they were not so easily shocked or personally offended when they encountered an adverse opinion. For another thing, they were the first people who looked at the world for the sake of the beauty in it, and so they have a freshness which we have lost, and age cannot wither nor custom stale their literature. He brings out these two points in this little pamphlet I have just mentioned, and he would have brought them out in his talks. I am not specially recommending the pamphlet—it is just a reprint of an inaugural lecture—but it is a convenient start for our survey.

He wrote several other books about Greece. There is *The Greek View of Life*. This is a survey of Greek mental activity, and a solid, educational piece of work. And there is a book about *Plato and his Dialogues*, reprinting the talks he gave last year over the wireless. The word 'Plato' has rather a boring sound. For some reason or other 'Plato' always suggests to me a man with a large head and a noble face who never stops talking and from whom it is impossible to escape. Dickinson has shown me another Plato—a living, attractive person inhabiting a real world. He does this mainly by apt quotations, but also by his own comments. He will point out, for example, that 'to read Plato is to discuss our own problems without the exasperation caused when we are, as it were, embedded in them. . . . There is no topic of importance which we discuss that he did not discuss, too; and that with an intelligence more profound and elevated than has often been brought to bear on these issues'. He brings out Plato's picturesqueness and charm. He sets him in his own civilisation. He suggests that the Peloponnesian War, which ravaged Greece, differed only in scale from the Great War which has ravaged Europe, and that both of them resulted in a complete disbelief in progress on the part of the young. Again and again he makes us look at our own age while he speaks of another age. It is a most remarkable book. Instructiveness and imagination are once more combined, as in *The Greek View of Life*, and Dickinson could do this because he was always thinking of other people when he wrote, and never of himself, and thinking especially of the attitude of the young. Many eminent men have liked young people and sympathised with them: but he did much more than that—he respected the young.

This respect for youth comes out very strongly in a book which naturally stands next on my list. It is called *After Two Thousand Years*, and Plato again appears, this time as a character in a dialogue, the other speaker being a modern young man. They meet in the Elysian Fields. Once more, and in the most vivid way, the troubles of Ancient Greece and our own troubles are compared, and methods of dealing with them contrasted. Plato believes in Utopia. He hopes that, by careful breeding, and by organising society under guardians, a perfect state of human life can be evolved. The modern young man is less ambitious. He hopes that the world will become slowly and slightly better through the resources of science, but he knows that science can do more harm than good, that it endangered civilisation in the Great War and may destroy it in the next war. What is needed is the desire to use science rightly, combined with the intelligence to use it rightly: that is to say, man's real problem to-day is still a human one, as it was two thousand years ago; he is still grappling with the defects in his own character, he is still uneducated, and Plato and the modern young man can meet on this common ground.

All his work is of a piece, and we pass naturally from this Greek section of it, and from the dialogue with Plato, to the dialogues in general. We come to *A Modern Symposium*, a brilliant little book, at once serious and gay, in which various contrasted characters discuss our civilisation. One character suggests Disraeli, another Gladstone. Another, an amusing journalist, gives a

mischievous account of America. As is usual in Dickinson's work, the setting is charming and, owing to his fairmindedness, he can throw himself into all types of character. He is not a creator of character, or a great dramatic artist: I do not want to claim too much for him, in fact I do not want to use the word 'great' of him at all, it has been slung about too much to right and left in these days. But he could enter into people's opinions and state them, and this is what he does both in *A Modern Symposium* and in two other dialogues, *The Meaning of Good*, which deals with ethics, and is too philosophic for my taste, and *Justice and Liberty*, which is a political dialogue.

Politics! That brings us to the War. He wrote six or seven books about the War and the secret diplomacy that led to it, and about the League of Nations of which he was a prominent originator—it is often forgotten how much he did to start the League. I am not going to discuss these books or even to give their names, but I must emphasise that Dickinson was a pacifist and did become an internationalist, in the broad senses of the words. His attitude towards war colours all his work. It even comes out in the little book I am going to discuss, the exquisite fantasy of *The Magic Flute*; indeed it comes out in it vividly.

The Magic Flute is a lovely book, and I implore you to read it, but rather unluckily it is based on an opera by Mozart. I say 'unluckily' not because the opera is bad—it is Mozart's best—but because many readers of the book won't have heard the opera, and so won't catch on to the allusions. You will have to be prepared for some queer names. There is Sarastro, the high priest; he, in Dickinson's fantasy, typifies reason, the wish to understand. There is the Queen of Night: she is the creative power, but she destroys while she creates, because she is uncontrolled emotion, the eternal feminine unchecked, and if Sarastro did not restrain her she would destroy the universe. There is Pamina, their daughter, who is the world's desire: she belongs to both her parents, but she chooses to live with Sarastro, so he and the Queen are at feud. And, fourthly, there is Tamino, the young hero ('Everyman' as it were) who is in love with Pamina, but does not know how she is to be won. All these four characters come out of Mozart's 'Magic Flute'. Read the book as an allegory, read it as you would the *Pilgrim's Progress*—and it, too, describes a pilgrimage, not from this world to the next, but from this world as it is to this world as it might be if we used our reason and our emotions properly. Like all Dickinson's work it tries to help humanity. Read it as a very profound fairy tale. And remember its main point, Pamina, the world's desire, cannot be won by force nor by fraud. War is useless—so is wickedness. Nor when Tamino does win her can he keep her for himself. Possessiveness is useless. The book ends, not with the marriage of the lovers, but with the entry of the hero into the Hall of Sarastro, which is the home of the followers of truth, and where the true nature of Pamina is known. And here may I slip in a comment? Dickinson was not a mystic. He had a strain of mysticism in him, but he didn't think reality lay in some other existence. The time to work for humanity is now, the place here, and one of the dangers that Tamino has to escape in his pilgrimage is the danger of the Lotus-Lake of Buddha.

And Buddha brings us to the East. The last group of books I am mentioning might be called the 'Oriental', though the best known of them was written before he went to the East. This is the *Letters from John Chinaman* (or *Letters from a Chinese Official*, as it has also been called). When this little book came out (thirty years ago now) it made a big sensation, particularly in America. It was published anonymously, and President Bryan actually mistook the author for Chinese, and publicly pitied him for not having had the advantages of a happy Christian home. Certainly it is a detached book. It is a view of Western civilisation at the time of the Boxer risings, when the West was trying to civilise the East by force. You cannot call it a satire—it is too grave; nor an indictment—it is too witty and beautiful. It is rather a contrast. It contrasts Confucianism, which aims at so little and attains that little, with Christianity, which aims at so much and produces the modern industrial state. It contrasts the family in China which is indissoluble and has its ancestral altar and rites, with the individualism of the West, where everyone tries to rise out of his family and to get on in the social scale. It contrasts a Chinese village and a London slum, the Chinese respect for literature with the Englishman's humorous contempt for it, and so on. No doubt the contrasts are not always fair, but they are never weakened by bitterness, and the little book did, I think, an enormous amount of good, for it shook people here out of their

*Names and prices of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's works mentioned by Mr. E. M. Forster are: *The Contribution of Ancient Greece to Modern Life* (price 1s.), *The Greek View of Life* (3s. 6d.), *Plato and his Dialogues* (6s.), *After Two Thousand Years* (6s.), *A Modern Symposium* (4s. 6d.), *The Meaning of Good* (6s.), *Justice and Liberty* (6s.), *The Magic Flute* (4s. 6d.), *Letters from John Chinaman* (1s. 6d.), *An Essay on the Civilisation of India, China and Japan* (2s.), *Appearances* (6s.). These are all published by Allen and Unwin, except *The Greek View of Life*, which is published by Methuen, and is for the moment out of print; it will be obtainable next month.

complacency, and made people over in China realise that more than violence can come out of the West. It was the foundation of Dickinson's Chinese reputation, which is still considerable. You must take care not to think of him just as a Cambridge don.

Some years later he travelled in the East, and two other books resulted: a short *Essay on the Civilisations of India, China and Japan*, and *Appearances*—a volume of articles. Both of them are worth reading, and it is worth remembering that Dickinson's observations of China when he visited it confirm the intuitions of it which he had already voiced in the *Letters from John Chinaman*. I will conclude my account of him by quoting an extract from this last-named book. It well illustrates his attitude, and it is an excellent example of his elaborate yet lucid prose style. He is speaking of the respect for letters, so common among all classes in China, so rare in Europe, and he describes the conditions that produce it.

To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides for ever away, with its freight of music and light, into the

shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature. This we have; this you cannot give us; but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar of looms it cannot be heard; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories; it is killed by the wear and the whirl of Western life. And when I look at your business men, the men whom you most admire; when I see them hour after hour, day after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labours; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect, I confess, with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our ancient industry, and prize, above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace it, to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

That is the end of my talk on Lowes Dickinson, and I shall not again be devoting a talk to a single man. There were special reasons for it to-day. For one thing I wanted to pay tribute to a very eminent broadcaster. For another, his books are still not as well known as they might be and I wanted to increase his audience. They are civilising books, they came out of a good life, and the motto which you see on the *Radio Times* each week, 'And Nation shall speak peace unto Nation', might well be printed on their covers also.

Beneath the Surface in South America

South American Meditations. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Cape. 18s.

IN THE writing of this book Count Keyserling has made the assumption that his readers will be conversant with the expression and indeed the whole spiritual furniture of a man of deep and practised meditation, and on this account his language often borders on what in general usage would be considered the occult. He writes for the revealing of his own inner consciousness, and his method is the method of long-practised meditation. By contemplating the object of his discourse, he sinks into himself until he reaches that co-response within himself of the object. He thus brings up into consciousness what was hitherto unconscious, and so reveals, in a way truly original, the reality of experience and the reality of manifestation. This book is consequently one which makes considerable demands upon its readers, and there are no doubt many who might turn aside at the first chapter, either disgusted or baffled at what, to a superficial view, might seem the arrogance of an extravagant fancy. Yet I would urge a humble and patient attitude in the reading of this book, for, though in many ways it is repellent, it is extraordinarily interesting, and, quite apart from the meditations on South America and the correspondences within the inner universe of the soul, there are many simple and profound passages, as for example the whole of those chapters on War and on Fate, which have more psychological insight and good sense than all the usual propaganda and counter-propaganda of militarists and pacifists. Would that all modern statesmen would read and accept their truth!

Profound and interesting as these meditations are, few English readers will fail to notice the cold and sometimes repellent character of Count Keyserling's genius, repellent and also in a way attractive. It is as though his informing spirit found its way always by moonlight. His contention that we each of us see what our individual consciousness permits us to see, and that the outer universe is conditioned by the inner is well illustrated by his vision of South America, and it is interesting to compare this picture of South America with those other pictures presented by W. H. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham, who both for many years made their homes on the Pampas. The main features of the composition are recognisable in the work of all three writers. Primordial hunger and fear, that find expression in surprising cruelties, suffering and servitude under the seal of fate, the unconscious animalism of the women and the complementary lust for possession in the men, reveal in each case the South American scene—but in how different a manner! In the work of Hudson and Cunninghame Graham the scene is illuminated by sunlight rather than moonshine, the pale sunlight of early dawn, some readers may think, clear and rather chill, yet undeniably of the sun; and often it radiates back from the land that it has kindled, conscious life and love and recognition of an aspiring humanity. With Keyserling there is no warmth at all, only the chill pride of his own powerful spirit, and the moon-illuminated universe which he portrays. This cold and in some ways uncongenial quality may very well be necessary, for in these meditations he goes down into the nethermost depths of life, into a realm that is usually hidden in the unconscious, and from there forms a synthesis of inward experience and outward form. The outward expression partakes of the quality of the inward experience, and so in this picture, which is predominantly subjective, the moon-world of decay and death and glamour and allurement scintillates in what may sometimes seem an exaggerated manner.

These meditations present not only South America, but the world and the universe as perceived subjectively, and, taken as a

completed harmony, they are truly a magnificent achievement. Each chapter is convincingly contained in its own thought and its own feeling, and yet leads inevitably to the next. Thus we are led from the contemplation of Original Fear and Original Hunger to the realisation of Earth-bound Fate, and then, to what is perhaps Keyserling's most interesting contribution to what the Argentines call *Gana*. *Gana* is blind thralldom to the spell of Earth, an organic urge, many of whose melodies are seductive and beautiful, but always pain-bound; it is aimless, and because disconnected and disintegrated, purposeless. Its realm corresponds very closely to what Freud has called the *Id*. From the contemplation of this (as he conceives it) completely non-spiritual reality, we are led by progressive steps to the in-break of Spirit, and the realisation of the spiritual world which it is man's aspiration to enter. The last chapters are perhaps the most fascinating of all; they must be read and read again many times to get their full significance. This significance, profound, and in many ways terribly persuasive, bears its own limitation in that the spirit of its author is nearly always in evidence, and colours all its creation. This intellectual coldness which seems to hang over the book is inseparably bound up with Count Keyserling's adoption of a Dualist philosophy. He is emphatic that there is no transition from non-Spirit to Spirit, nor from the inanimate to the lowest manifestations of life. These are points on which many readers will differ, and it is interesting to compare this building up by a modern mind of Life and the Universe from first principles with the *Pomandres* of Hermes Trismagistus, an equally subjective account of creation; and also the marked division that Keyserling makes between Spirit and Nature in the earlier chapters may well be compared with the Christian revelation of Spirit's relation to Earth, and to the words of Jesus from the Cross, when He says to His Mother: 'Woman, behold thy Son', and to St. John: 'Behold thy Mother'. But whether we differ from or agree with Count Keyserling, we cannot but be grateful for this supremely stimulating book, which inevitably finds its place amongst the foremost genius of our times.

I would recommend those who can read it in German to do so, as the translation is often ambiguous and faulty.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

Mr. Claude Hulbert probably knows as much about writing for the lighter side of broadcasting as anyone who practises the art to-day. In *Learn to Write for Broadcasting* (Archer, 2s. 6d.) he sets forth the main points which the aspiring author should bear in mind. Much of what he says applies equally to writing for other mediums: an hour a day devoted to producing *something*—however much material may be forthcoming whose immediate resting-place is the waste-paper basket—is, he contends, better than waiting for inspiration to arrive of itself. An eye for the humour of the ordinary situation, for the interest of the common event—if need be, a card-index of ideas—these and a capacity for taking pains are some of the principal elements of success. Information is given concerning the usual length required in MSS. of different types of broadcast entertainment, with examples of actual dialogue—in its first draft, after revision, and in its final broadcast form. Mr. John Watt has not only written the Foreword, but has provided an appendix showing how a scene in a radio script is built up and the kind of form in which MSS. should be submitted to the B.B.C. Would-be radio authors and dramatists should find the book both amusing and useful.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Letters from Sir Oliver Lodge. Compiled and Annotated by J. Arthur Hill. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

THOSE INTERESTED IN spiritualism and psychical research will enjoy sharing with Mr. J. Arthur Hill the contents of some two hundred letters (selected from a collection of more than two thousand) which he received from Sir Oliver Lodge during a period of twenty years. Mr. Hill, like his distinguished correspondent, is well known in psychic circles. The compilation is intended to form 'a sort of appendix' to Sir Oliver's autobiography *Past Years*, published in 1931. The chief value of the letters lies in the fact that they present us with Sir Oliver's views on a variety of subjects, some of them quite trivial, not dealt with in any of his own works. Though spiritualism is the sustaining note throughout the correspondence, psychic matters are occasionally side-tracked in favour of such diverse subjects as Joanna Southcott, homing cats, the mango trick, relativity, anthracite stoves, astronomy, the Zencigs, the ether, autograph fiends, London fogs, press cuttings, musical prodigies, 'calculating boys', and the Elberfeld horses. The story of these equine marvels (Muhammed, Zarif, Hanschen and Barto) was told by Maurice Maeterlinck in *The Unknown Guest* and they became world famous. By tapping on the ground with their hoofs these animals gave some amazingly correct answers to complicated mathematical problems. Sir Oliver, in discussing animal psychology in reference to Maeterlinck's book, takes him to task for suggesting that the horses, by means of telepathy, acquired the correct answers from the mind of the person who set the problems. Sir Oliver continues: 'That is because he will not face the spiritistic hypothesis, namely possession. My own idea is that some form of possession is necessary for explaining musical prodigies, and probably arithmetical prodigies also. The possession of animals, if possible, is by no means yet proven . . . but, if the facts are as stated, it is a step which I think will have to be taken.'

Sir Oliver deals gently with the mediums. Writing in 1910, he mentions that he has sat with a Mrs. Herbine, of Chicago, who showed him 'the occurrence of direct writing [i.e., writing alleged to be supernormally produced] under circumstances which preclude trickery'. A North of England 'spirit' photographer, exposed in 1922, is referred to in a letter dated July 29, 1929. Sir Oliver says of this man: 'The probability to my mind is strongly in favour of simplicity and honesty, now that he has been going on so long. Surely any motive power associated with fraud would have evaporated long ago'—a piece of reasoning with which many readers will disagree as the medium in question has, for several years, added to his income by producing photographs of alleged spirits. An American woman medium and her husband visited Sir Oliver in December, 1929, and much impressed him: 'She is quite a charming woman and it is really absurd to have any doubts of their genuineness. We got very good phenomena last night, under test conditions; and they are perfectly fair and above board. . . . I have got two good finger prints, one of Walter [the medium's brother, killed many years ago], the other said to be Raymond's [Sir Oliver's son, killed in action in 1915], but this has not yet been verified. You may, however, be quite certain that they are all right'. It is unfortunate that Mr. Hill has included this letter in his selection as Mr. E. E. Dudley, a former official of the American Society for Psychical Research, now claims to have discovered a living man whose thumb-prints are said to tally in every particular with those of 'Walter's', alleged to be produced supernormally on plastic dental wax at the medium's seances. The man in question, a dentist, and a former visitor to the medium's seances, has submitted his thumb-prints for comparison with those produced at the sittings, and every 'arch', 'loop', 'whorl' and 'composite' is claimed to be identical.

A word of praise is due to Mr. Hill for his comments and annotations, without which some of the letters would be almost unintelligible. He is to be congratulated upon having produced a most readable volume, which is illustrated with three portraits of Sir Oliver and one of the compiler.

The Moral Judgment of the Child. By Jean Piaget Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

This book is the fifth of a series in which Piaget explores the world of a child's mind. Like its predecessors, it is an important and highly interesting book. It is not easy reading for it is compact and closely reasoned; the descriptive dialogues, the conclusions drawn from these, and the criticism of other theories are all parts of a whole. The terminology is unfamiliar, and a full understanding implies some acquaintance with the previous volumes. What is aimed at in this work is to arrive at the very springs of morality and rules of conduct as seen in the child and in the group, to estimate the influence of tradition and discovery respectively in the child's world, and finally to extend these findings to theories of morality in adult society. This is obviously

a difficult task and one well worth doing, as it should afford an experimental basis for principles of education, especially in relation to 'self-government' in the school. The author and his collaborators have had the brilliant idea of approaching the problem by way of a preliminary enquiry into the ancient and universal game of marbles. It is fascinating to see the development of attitude towards the rules of the game in the groups of various ages. At first the child is purely egocentric, and, even when he begins to learn the rules, plays for himself alone; then about the age of seven to eight co-operation with mutual control and rivalry appear, leading to the elaborate codification of rules tacitly accepted by the whole group.

One interesting fact that emerges from every phase of the enquiry is the definite change in mentality and sociability that occurs between seven and eight—the age which is traditionally fixed as that in which reason and responsibility may be said to emerge. This is seen right through the book, as, for example, in the young child's judgment on various forms of 'naughtiness' and on the justice of punishment. One small child remarks that lying is naughty because it is punished—a useful reminder that childish logic is apt to be different from ours. The most striking general conclusion is that co-operation between the children themselves, after the age of eight, determines a change from the blind acceptance of rules given by the grown-ups, to a judgment based more on motives, and therefore implying a sense of subjective responsibility and of justice. This conception is enlarged into a discussion of morality in general and a critique of Durkheim's and other theories on the subject; this chapter is highly interesting and raises extremely important questions. For this reason particularly, the present volume is perhaps the most interesting and valuable of all Piaget's work, and makes us look forward with eagerness to his future discoveries.

Furniture and Furnishing. By John C. Rogers Oxford University Press. 6s.

'No one then dreamt of buying either house or furniture that did not reasonably accord with his position and station in life. Hence there is charm and dignity in the simple as well as the important things of past ages which we must seek out and study if we are to recapture the inborn common sense and good taste of our ancestors'. Thus writes Mr. Rogers of that golden age of the English domestic arts which the connoisseur and architect alike adore. Wherein lay the secret? Not surely in sentimental regard for the past, in connoisseurship or in the maintenance of stately museums. For our ancestors were always, in the periods we now term 'classical', intensely and almost ruthlessly modern. If the skill of cabinet-makers or the importation of a new wood made possible furniture of more daring or elegant lines, then must a gentleman or his lady have it. What was good enough for their fathers was not good enough for them. Thus were cabinet-making, pottery and architecture vital crafts. We know well enough how the industrial revolution ruined hand craftsmanship. We may also guess how the bourgeoisie of Victorian England were not overendowed with taste. We can trace the devastating effect of the Gothic revival. But when we endeavour to take up again the tradition which disappears in Regency furniture, it is less easy to make a start. The gap is too wide. The conditions of modern civilisation and modern machine production are too dissimilar to what went before. We have floundered for twenty years or more between the conscious virtue of 'arts and crafts' and the unbending logic of Corbusier. How are we, householders, man in the street, woman at home, we the ignorant public—how are we to find a standard to guide us?

Mr. Rogers sets out to give us a standard. His book is different from the many which would provide us with a ready judgment, a sort of prepared breakfast food, as it were, of Good Taste, because he brings us to the business through the history of furniture-making. He interests us in the craft itself, by telling us simply about it and by careful drawings. No one could fail to understand the matter thus. The modernist may belabour us with ridicule, and still we may not repent, but Mr. Rogers is a lover of old things himself, a designer and craftsman. So he takes us gently and we are persuaded. The Oxford Press is to be congratulated on this, the first of its Craft Series, and may it be rewarded by its inclusion in our history syllabus.

A Picture Book of Evolution. B. C. M. Beadnell Watts. 10s. 6d.

It may seem to readers of THE LISTENER that to write, or rather to compile, a picture book setting out in a simple, graphic and exceedingly interesting way the notion that worlds and suns evolved from spinning nebulae and Lord Chancellors from protozoa is a work of supererogation, a task which, if not so much in the nature of flogging a dead fundamentalist horse, is, at any rate, analogous to that of asking a Schneider Cup winner

to hurry. But the present reader and writer probably feel like this just because they are necessarily members of a group to whom this sort of notion seems natural and perfectly acceptable, and there are other groups to whom they seem neither. This admirable picture book, at any rate, was originally compiled about twenty-five years ago by Mr. Dennis Hird, and has now been revised by Surgeon-Rear-Admiral C. M. Beadnell. He and Messrs. Watts, of the Rationalist Press, probably know what they are about in reissuing it, and know perhaps, too, that the slightly old-fashioned air that has carried over from its origin will do it no harm, but even fit it to meet more exactly the exceedingly old-fashioned arguments of 'special creation' which it is intended to combat. Though an intelligent twelve-year-old would enjoy it, it is a book that no biological layman need scorn.

But though certainly enjoying the book, readers will probably wish that Rear-Admiral Beadnell had not only revised and brought up to date its original contents, but carried it on a step further, and included in it pictures illustrating the aspect of evolution in which we are chiefly concerned to-day. We, *homo sapiens* of the twentieth century, have an evolutionary problem and an exceedingly urgent one. The task which circumstances have set the present generation is no less than that of evolving a better sort of social structure. The invention of mechanical and chemical weapons of war such as tanks, aeroplanes and gas mean that we cannot go on with a primitive type of national or tribal organisation which was only even tolerably safe while weapons also were still primitive. Fascists, Communists, adherents of the League of Nations or of any of the lesser and specialised international organisations, are persons who, in their several and often contradictory ways, are engaged in this supremely important task—that of trying to evolve not a new physical structure, but a new social structure. *A Picture Book of Evolution* brings home one grim fact: the penalty for failure to evolve or to adapt has always been extermination.

James Stansfeld. By J. L. and Barbara Hammond Longmans. 15s.

This is a fascinating book to those interested in the politics of the last century, for it sets out in relation to the whole march of events the progress of a little known statesman, and of the intensely unpopular cause for which he sacrificed his career. That James Stansfeld was a hero no one who reads this book can deny; and though he was a Victorian hero, and a curiously unromantic one at that, the story of his political life is packed with interest. The cause for which he deliberately stepped out of his place as a Radical leader, and gave up his hopes of re-appointment to Cabinet office, was that of the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts; and in 1874 it was not only an unmentionable subject, but almost a hopeless enterprise. He faced ostracism and opprobrium from without, and, worse still, discouragement from within. 'Each time I address myself to speak on this question', he wrote, 'I lift a heavier weight'. And yet he went firmly on, leading in Parliament the fight which Josephine Butler carried through the country, and supplying the experience, the method and the political knowledge which were indispensable. When at last success came, and he moved and carried his Resolution in the House, he used a self-revealing sentence. 'Seventeen weary years have passed', he said, 'in which many hundreds of persons, both men and women, have spent their time, some their lives, and some have broken their hearts in the endeavour to get these Acts repealed'.

James Stansfeld was, indeed, one of these people. But, as the authors of his life truly say, he had accomplished a work more lasting and far more important than that of most successful politicians. For the crusade destroyed in this country the State Regulation of vice, and in destroying it effected a revolution in the attitude of society towards sex morality. Nowadays when the Reports of the League of Nations upon the White Slave Traffic are public property, and when eight of the forty-seven countries which adopted State Regulation have abandoned it, we can see plainly the rights and wrongs of the old agitation. But when Josephine Butler began it, and when James Stansfeld came to her help, they were crusaders, fighting against the moral conventions of the whole of society for the sake of freedom and justice. The modern world owes more to them than has yet been understood.

Reading, Writing and Remembering. By E. V. Lucas Methuen. 18s.

Mr. E. V. Lucas has done that which he tells us he did not intend to do. He has reminisced in print, compelled to the memory of things past by the boredom of a sick-bed. Both author and publisher make it plain that this is a book of reminiscences and not an autobiography. As the title suggests, the reminiscences are concerned almost entirely with the literary world in which Mr. Lucas has lived for the past forty years or so. In his lively pages we meet Swinburne (and, of course, Watts-Dunton), Conrad, Francis Thompson, W. P. Ker, and a host of interesting literary figures, but we see comparatively little of Mr. Lucas himself. We are regaled with stories of interesting personalities—the story of King Edward VII's advice to Sidney

Lee on the subject of Shakespearian studies is a gem of the first water—and with the wit of great conversationalists, but only occasionally do we find the authentic humour which we associate with the signature 'E.V.L.' The book is, in fact, both interesting and entertaining, as it was certain to be, but it leaves a lurking feeling of disappointment. While we hope that Mr. Lucas will not again suffer the accident of prolonged sickness we also hope that he will again put his determination not to reminisce on one side and find time, during his crowded hours of activity, to give us a real autobiography. So far he has only whetted our appetite.

The Necessity of Modernism

By R. Gladstone Griffiths. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

Everyday Religion for the Plain Man

By L. B. Ashby. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.

Every year we are reminded by the proceedings of the Conference at which the Modernist movement in the Church of England finds corporate expression that Modernism is an attitude of mind which ministers to fervency of spirit. It combines the enrichment of a living personal religion with the enlargement of horizons in progressive study of the Bible and of theology. Nevertheless, to many it may still be known only as a term of abuse on the one hand or as a vaunting of arid rationalism on the other. Mr. Griffiths, in effect, expounds the constitution and aims of the Modern Churchman's Union. What might conceivably have been a mere defence of a sectional school of thought becomes in his hands a convincing appeal for loyalty to truth, as from many quarters it comes in ever-increasing measure. As he shows, such loyalty is essential if we are to discern the difference between intellectual form and spiritual content, whether as we look back over the growth of Christianity or as we look forward to a fuller and deeper understanding of its meaning and power. He is more ready than recent science and philosophy would justify him in being to eliminate miracle, but this is probably due to revolt from the superstitious notion that whatever is startling or unexplained is evidence of divine activity. But his most frequent emphasis is best indicated by a typical passage: 'To picture God as unknowable is to ignore the Incarnation, which made Him known enough for the practical purpose of inspiring a working faith. Christian faith is not sight; for much is hidden. But enough has been known and experienced to satisfy legitimate questioning and to convince the open mind. The road of the Modernist is the road of faith'.

The plain man will often read sermons with enjoyment and cordial assent when they appear as articles in the columns of his newspaper, stripped of rhetoric, going straight to the point, and imparting knowledge as well as uttering conviction. These are the characteristics of the fifty brief papers in Mr. Ashby's book, which, like Mr. Griffiths', is Modernist in outlook. They cover a variety of topics—belief and conduct, the Bible and the Church, the Prayer-Book and the Catechism. More of such pithy, sensible presentation of the marrow of Christianity is much needed.

The Evolution of Sex and Intersexual Conditions

By Dr. G. Marañón. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

There are 344 pages in this book, and one might anticipate that a fair proportion of them would deal with the evolution of sex. Indeed, it was this anticipation that caused the reviewer to agree to review the book, for it is an exciting subject on which little is known. However, only three pages are devoted to the subject of the title, and they are uninteresting because they uphold an almost certainly erroneous theory (that animals with separate sexes have evolved from ancestors which were hermaphrodite), without bringing forward any new evidence in favour of it. By 'evolution' Dr. Marañón means 'development', the development of the reproductive organs and instincts of man and woman. His thesis is that women tend towards the infantile in anatomy and mind until the menopause, when they develop towards the male condition. He regards men and women as differing chiefly in the time of life at which they begin to become masculine, the man at puberty and the woman at about forty-five. Whether one can agree with this doctrine or not, one cannot deny that there is a wealth of information on normal and abnormal sexuality in this book, written without any trace of pornography and with much psychological insight and excellent balance of opinion on many debatable points. It is, however, rather a book for the doctor than the layman. Dr. Marañón regards what most people (the reviewer included) consider abnormal female sexuality as evidence of partial masculinity.

But a good book is spoilt by its production. There are footnotes on nearly every page, often running from one page to another, and sometimes taking up more space than the text. The book is a translation, and these footnotes have largely been added since the writing of the original. They should either have been written into the text or omitted. Authors, translators and publishers must realise that footnotes are not only a confession of weakness, but also a real barrier against serious consecutive reading.

New Novels

The Fallow Land. By H. E. Bates. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Black Mischief. By Evelyn Waugh. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

Public Faces. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Poor Tom. By Edwin Muir. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by ERIC LINKLATER

READERS of *The Waste Land* will remember the picture of Mr. T. S. Eliot angling in the dull canal 'on a winter evening behind the gas-house' and playing his fish in the cold certainty that they will be dead before he lands them—almost indifferent, indeed, whether it is a fish or an old boot that he has on his line. And on all four of these novels lies a shadow that may well be the twilight greyness of Mr. Eliot's gas-house; the several waters upon which these four distinguished novelists cast their bait are like Mr. Eliot's canal in so far as they are without any confident current; and the fish that are hooked—though large and handsome fish—are pretty well filleted. The pessimism that pervades this week's reading is, however, a very distinguished pessimism, and charmingly varied in its presentation. Mr. Bates pursues despair with melancholy beauty and autumnal grandeur. Mr. Waugh is the smiler with the knife—though a moment ago he was only a fisherman—and dissects his vile bodies with murderous gaiety. Mr. Muir is also surgical in his interest, exploring the cerebral and emotional interiors of his unhappy subjects with the grave concern of the scientist, not with the bedside manner of one who says, 'You will be much better in another hundred pages'. And Mr. Nicolson, pressing political disillusionment into the service of comedy, up-ends a British Cabinet for a most nursery inspection of its frailty, spans it with the urbanity of a diplomat and the swift vigour of M. Borotra, and sends it back to the Front Bench without any supper.

Perhaps Mr. Nicolson's novel is the most disturbing of the four, at any rate to the devout reader of newspapers and the faithful who frequent places where they vote. Mr. Waugh is so abominably subversive as to mock the idea of progress, especially in such manifestations as might be expected to promote, by a One Year's Plan, the adoption of modern organisation and habits of life in the negroid Empire of Azania; but Mr. Waugh, by living rather on the plane of Restoration Comedy, permits his readers, if they prefer it, to take his criticism simply as a good joke. Mr. Nicolson, however, gives such a persuasive air of verisimilitude to his narrative—real people come in and go out of it, the political atmosphere is true to the last mote in the air—that one is almost persuaded to believe that statesmen do really swing by their tails and pick up a protocol as though it were a peanut.

The Fallow Land is, I think, by much the best novel that Mr. Bates has written. It is done with power and beauty. Through the lives of three generations he shows the struggle for life on a small farm, the brittle strength of man poised against the rhythmic power of the seasons, and the ultimate defeat of the Mortimers not by any maleficence of the unyielding soil, but by a poison in their own blood and the shadow of Mr. Eliot's gas-house that fell upon one of them in the post-war years. Deborah Loveday, who married Jess Mortimer and bore him two sons, is the heart of the story. But Jess was a waster and left her, and of her sons the War killed one, and Benjamin the younger takes after his father and comes out of the army to find his pleasure in drinking and a thriftless young woman whose essential sluttishness is only disguised by cheap finery. Benjamin is a worshipper of machinery, and his tractor pulls him downhill. By years of patient effort his mother had made a small lean farm large and prosperous; but Benjamin wastes his inheritance and finds his proper occupation in 'bus-driving'. The fruits of Deborah's toil are left to strangers. On her death-bed she utters her text: 'The land's all right. It's only the people on it. It wants working, that's all'.

Antiquity fashioned that theme of melancholy, but Mr. Bates has orchestrated it with modern instances and made a bitter sound. That man in his wisdom should forsake the beauty of earth for tin things that rust! And few people have seen earth's beauty with a better eye than Mr. Bates; few people to-day can translate that beauty so finely into words. He is essentially a poet, who can see with a poet's eye such things as the snow clinging to the storm side of apple trees, gathering its whiteness on the rain-green trunks; and tell with a poet's pen such matters as old Mortimer's death in the yellow lake of a cowslip field.

We are far from this kind of beauty in *Black Mischief*. I hardly think that Mr. Waugh has Mr. Bates' consoling belief that the land is all right, even though its inhabitants are undesirable. Certainly the land with which he is presently occupied—an island off the Somaliland coast—inspires neither confidence nor comfort. But Mr. Waugh has wit, and that is a species of gallantry that may defeat even the foulest circumstance. One

may despair about the people of whom he writes, but he himself is an exhilarating spectacle.

In *Black Mischief* he has enormously enlarged his stage. He has added Seth, Emperor of Azania, Chief of the Chiefs of Sakuyu, Lord of Wanda and Tyrant of the Seas, to his gallery of fatuous young people and Welsh musicians. He has impressed warfare and conscribed hairy adventure. In Mr. Youkoumian he has created a charming figure of comic villainy, and in the cannibals who eat poor Prudence he has contrived not only an excellent novelty in the way of dramatic exits, but a thoughtful contribution to the problem of disposing of the unproductive surplus of our population. The manner in which Mr. Waugh controls his widely varied matter is admirable. His narrative is swift and picturesque, and his cutting—if one may borrow a Hollywood term—is masterly. *Black Mischief*, indeed, shows an all-round growth of strength.

Public Faces is brilliant comedy. In the Persian Gulf there is discovered an island bearing a mineral deposit that will revolutionise transport and armaments. A first-class world crisis occurs, and there is a diplomatic campaign for its possession. Mr. Nicolson walks about Downing Street, the chancellories of Europe, and the royal gardens of Teheran, with the deft certainty of a cat on its own particular garden-wall, and considers the curious scenery about him with an admirably perceptive eye. Consider this small incidental description of the Guards performing their exercises on the Royal Birthday:

The officers, slim and tight-trousered, would at one moment find themselves behind their men, and then, with a scarcely noticeable scurry, in front of their men. The bands of the different regiments marched up and down indignantly, facing right about turn when they reached the garden wall of Downing Street, the gold and silver of their instruments being exchanged suddenly for the scarlet of their backs: a blaze of sunshine succeeded abruptly by a dull red cloud.

How intensely aware is Mr. Nicolson of the importance of the point of view! And upon the point of view his comedy depends: he discards the opaque faith in our legislators to which most of us idly adhere, and perceives, when their backs are turned, a complete lack of responsibility, decision and self-confidence. The events of the crisis are propelled by misunderstanding hilarious to read of and by fortuitous mishap delicious to imagine. The novel would be comedy and nothing else were not the politicians so deplorably life-like. As it is, the fumes of the gas-house—the cynical smell of reality—invade it, and one cannot help thinking that Mr. Nicolson regards the loss of responsibility, faith, decision, and self-confidence as a serious business, although he is so witty and graceful about it. He rescues England, indeed, from the disaster she deserves, but only by providing the Foreign Office with a young man who assumes personal responsibility in a highly insubordinate manner. *Public Faces* may be described, in the Epsom manner, as Comedy by Courtesy out of Disillusionment; but the moral is Salvation by Individualism out of Revolt—and that is a most alarming moral.

Mr. Muir builds upon the unease of people ill-adapted to their environment. He transplants a small family—a widow and her two sons—from a remote rural district to Glasgow, and while responsibility for the tragedy that overwhelms them is shared by their own sensitivity, the major part falls upon the conditions of Scottish urban life. Helen, the girl who betrays the brothers with her prim and sterile love-making, would not have had such a catastrophic effect upon them had it not been for their own extreme sensibility and intensity of feeling—but they cannot be blamed for the existence of Helen, a common enough type. Nor are they to be blamed for the circumstances that destroy their former faith and give nothing commensurate in exchange. *Poor Tom* is the distinguished work that one expects from Mr. Muir, and though he is inclined to philosophise upon abstract truth rather than to concern himself with the minutiae of his characters' affairs, his philosophy is extremely interesting and always relevant. His story carries discursiveness without faltering in its gait.

Mr. Linklater also recommends:—*The Best Short Stories of 1932, English and American* (Cape, 7s. 6d. each); *The Laughing Pioneer*, by Paul Green (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.); *The House under the Water*, by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); *Invitation to the Waltz*, by Rosamond Lehmann (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.); and *The Bridge*, by Naomi Royde-Smith (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.).